THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 4.

THE WIFE OF CRAWFORD,

AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON,

Richmond, February 22d, 1858.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

They raised the statue to its throne
'Neath fair Virginia's sky,
The noblest hero of the earth,
Whose memory cannot die,—
And there, upon his day of birth,
In his lov'd native clime,
He tower'd as in his manhood's morn,
Majestic and sublime.

But he, who with Promethean power
Could mold the shapeless clay,
And wake the chisel'd bronze to life,
Where was his own that day?
He stood not mid the gallant throng
To answer to his name,
Or round his temples bind the wreath
That Genius wins from fame.

Yet one there was, with pallid cheek,
And ever-dropping tear,
Dwelt she not in his heart of hearts?
Why came the mourner here?
She led her children by the hand,
Their father's work to see,
And hear the guerdon of his praise
From high-toned chivalry,—

And silently that prayer arose
Which none but mothers know,
That all his virtues in their souls
Might root, and heavenward grow,
Though darkly o'er her spirit hung
Like curtaining pall of dread,
The shadow of a foreign tomb,
The image of the dead

True Wife. True Mother! noblest hearts
With tender pity stir,
And soften even the exulting shout,
In sympathy for her,
While at the glorious chieftain's feet
Twined with the laurel, lay
A leaflet of that holy love
Which ne'er can fade away.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRASH WITHIN, AND THE CRASH WITHOUT.

There are few living things upon earth so timid but that may be nerved to resistance by the presence of a great danger; and when that danger comes in the person of something loathed and detested, then the weak may become strong, and the gentle-minded fierce unto frenzy. As the smell of gunpowder and the sight of blood may change the faint-hearted soldier to a very demon incarnate, so the coming of a malignant, brutal enemy may change the shrinking maiden into a heroine of reckless daring.

When Rosalind saw the devilish features of Gabriel Barber, and heard the meaning words that dropped from his lips, she knew his purpose in a moment. For a single instant there was a sinking of the heart, as though the stream of life had been suddenly frozen up, and a cry of terror escaped her; but ere the villain had taken another step towards her, a fierce fire flashed to life in her soul, and she felt a strength in her nerves which she had never felt before. She had dropped the iron wrench upon the bed behind her, and now regarded her visitor with a look that made him hesitate. Her face was as pale as ever, but the large, lustrous eyes burned like the orbs of a startled lioness, and the slight, graceful form was erect and defiant.

"You are my wife," the lawyer said, persuasively.

"LIAR!" uttered Rosalind, in a thrilling whisper.

"Come, now—none o' that. You know you're my wife, married according to law."

"LIAR!" was the response, in the same electric tone.

"Look here, my dear girl, you may say that word once too often. I don't like it. Now behave as you ought to."

"Villain—I will!"

"Then I'd like to see you begin. You know you're my wife, and I swear to you, no power can take you from me."

"*Your wife!*" uttered the maiden, with all the bitterness she could command. "Oh! what base falsehood a black and traitorous heart can prompt! *Your wife!*—I'd rather wed with the wild beast, who would tear me limb from limb ere we reached the nuptial bed! *Your wife!*—LIAR!"

Mr. Barber had not expected this. He had thought to easily subdue the frightened, trembling girl he had seen in the kitchen. He had supposed he should overpower her at once, either by persuasion, falsehood or threats. But he hesitated now. His first impulse had been to advance and place his hands upon her, but there was something in her look that made him quail.

"Look ye," he said, after some hesitation, "you ain't doing yourself any good by acting so. I can be as ugly as you can. Mind that."

"If you could not have been a very devil, you would never have lent yourself to the foul scheme which you would now consummate!" the girl replied, with her strangely burning eyes fixed upon the man before her.

"Scheme?" repeated Barber, falling back upon the persuasive again. "I know not what you may think of those whom I believe to be your parents, but you wrong me. I was led to the step I have taken out of pure sympathy and love."

"Stop, sir! There is no need of keeping the cloak on longer. Throw it off, and speak plainly. You do not believe that Michael Ludder and his debased companion are my parents. You know they are not."

"They must be great villains if they are not," said Barber.

"They are great villains, sir."

"Then look ye, my girl: See what a blessing I would confer upon you. I would take you from their power, and raise you to a station of affluence and independence. Acknowledge yourself my legal wife, and you shall have all that you can wish. I love you—love you wildly and passionately. Do not drive me to distraction."

"*You* love!" cried Rosalind, drawing herself up and speaking with the essence of concentrated scorn. "You have shown your love well! Leave me, sir! If you can feel one particle of respect or sympathy—if there beats one palpitation of humanity—if you have sense and reason left—LEAVE ME!"

"Nay, nay, my charmer. I am not to be shaken off thus. I am willing to be gentle—to be kind; but, by the heavens above me, you'll have to change that tune if you would have me so. You are my wife, not only for now, but for all coming time——"

"Stop—one moment," said Rosalind, with an earnest change in her manner. "Only a few short days ago I was happy and contented in my country home. I was beneath the roof where I had been reared from infancy, and I was cared for with all the love and kindness which even the most devoted care and kindness could bestow. And I was beloved by one who was noble, generous and true. He had asked me to be his wife, and before God our troth was plighted. In a dark hour Thomas Gondam, with a lie upon his tongue, came and said he would carry me to my parents. He brought me here—he left me with these people—and I have not seen him since. From all that I ever loved I have been ruthlessly torn—from the bright sunlight and joys of home—from the smiles of friends—from the presence of him whom I most loved on earth—and in return I have met—Oh, God! you know what. My heart is crushed and bleeding, and my soul longs for the joys that should be mine. Now, sir—now, will you not have compassion? I implore you—I entreat—I pray—spare me!"

She stood with her hands clasped, and with a look of prayer upon her pale face that might have moved a demon.

"All this is very well," replied Barber, without betraying any particular emotion, except a dogged determination; "but I don't see that you have grounds for a legal divorce, so I shan't give up my wife."

"Will you not listen to me, sir?" the girl cried, starting back to where she had first stood.

"I have listened enough already. I'll hear no more. You are my wife, and as such I claim you. So stop your——"

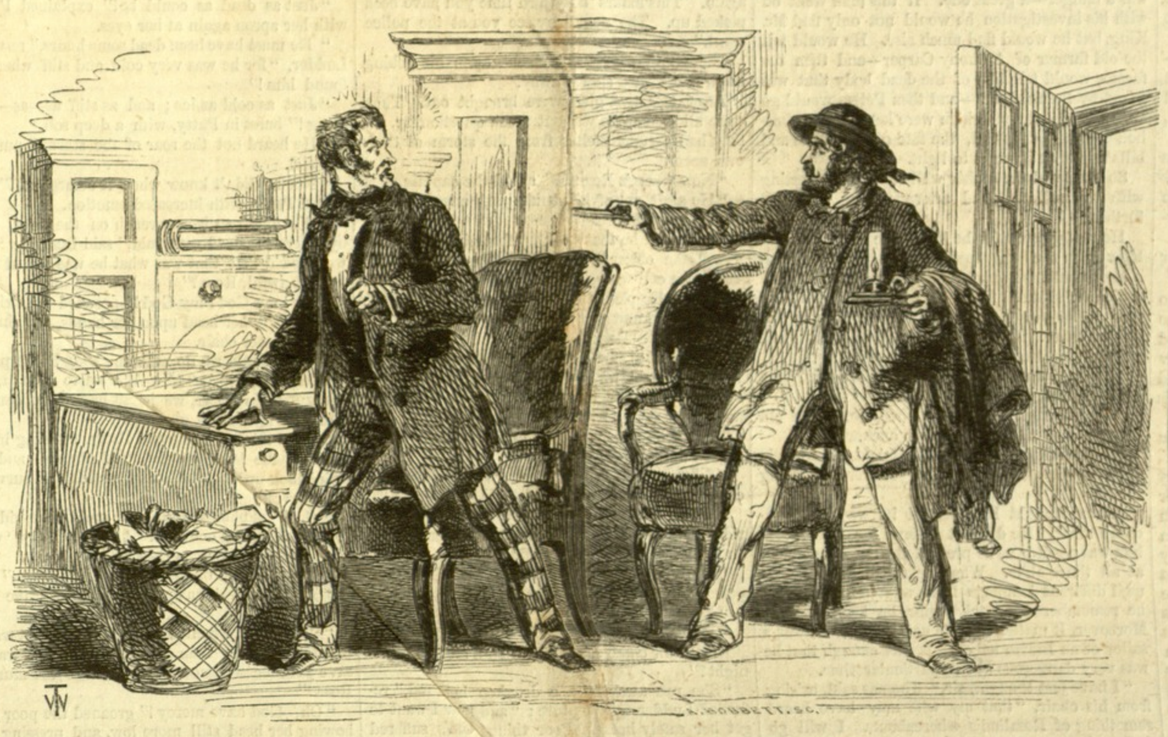
"Back, sir! Don't approach me. Oh! in God's name, I implore you!"

The pale lips became paler still, the tremulousness ceased, and the fire of the eye burned more intensely. The man hesitated. There was something threatening in the face before him.

"Not another step towards me, sir! I am mad! I am not responsible!"

"Pooh! You look more lovely than ever in that mood," the lawyer said, as he finally succeeded in calling back his impudence. "You think to frighten me; but I have a husband's right, and I claim a husband's authority. Resist me, and it shall be worse for you. By the eternal heavens, you are mine!"

"Back! Touch me not! I tell you I am mad! I can die—I would rather die a thousand times than be your victim!"



THOMAS GONDAM'S MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"But I'll make thee mine while your life holds out!" hissed Gabriel, starting towards her with his arms outstretched.

Rosalind carried her hand quickly behind her, and grasped the iron wrench. The villain already had her left wrist within his grasp, and his head was bent as though he would imprint a kiss upon her cheek. She gave a start back, and then, with all the quickness and power she could command, she brought the wrench down upon the bared head. It struck the temple with a dull, crushing sound, and, without even a gasp, the stout form sank upon the floor at her feet!

Rosalind gazed upon the fallen man until she was assured he was senseless, and then she sprang to the window and threw up the sash. The rain was still falling—the wind was howling around the corners, and among the chimneys—and the night was dark and drear, but she did not hesitate. She flew to the bed, tore off the sheets, and knotted them together, then added the blanket and coverlid, and then looked about for some means of securing one of the ends to the window frame. She found nothing there, however; but the bedpost would answer. It was only a few feet from the recess, and the roped-bedding would be long enough. The end was secured, and then she put on her hood, and pinned her shawl about her shoulders. She dared not stop to take anything from her trunk, save her little purse. She had no keepsakes there, for her trinkets and jewelry, and souvenirs of love, had not been brought from her old home.

One more look at the dark form upon the floor, which lay still as death, and Rosalind hurried to the window and shook the knotted bedding from the stool. It fluttered away into the darkness, flapping and cracking like a mad ghost—now soaring high into the air, and anon sweeping down the brick wall. She could not see the flat roof below her, but she knew it was there, and she believed she could reach it. One fervent prayer for God's help, and she glided from the window. The bedding held, and she slid slowly down, though it was hard, dangerous work; for the wind, which drew around the building with great force, drove her against the wall with violence. But she did not hesitate. Down she went, into the darkness and gloom—now swaying wildly to and fro, sweeping the wall as she went, and then off into the storm, and back upon the hard masonry with a cruel force. But her feet touched the graveled roof at last—she swept over it twice, and finally gained a footing. The sheets were wrenched from her grasp by the fierce wind, and she would have been hurled down by the sudden pull had she not staggered against the main wall of the house.

It was some moments ere Rosalind recovered from the shock, and she would not have started as she did had not the angry flapping of the bedding, which had now become heavy and wet, warned her of danger from its eccentric gyrations. With all possible care she crawled to the edge of the roof which overhung the narrow alley she had seen, and looked down. But she could see nothing beyond the dense blackness that enveloped everything about her. How should she gain the passage? She dared not leap, for she knew not how deep it was. She was pondering thus when a sudden gust came nigh blowing her off. She put forth her hand to save herself, and it touched something upon which she could hold, and she soon found it to be a spout leading from the eaves of the house. She reached over and assured herself that it led down past the roof upon which she stood, and without further hesitation she resolved to trust herself upon it. She did so, and a thankful ejaculation broke from her lips as she touched the firm pavement. With a quick step she hurried forward, and soon stood in the street. The rain came sweeping across her face with blinding force, but she drew her hood down, and hugged her shawl more closely about her, and started on. She knew not whither she was going—she only knew what place she was leaving. She could see the distant street-lamps, peering through the gloom like ghosts' eyes, but no light yet in any dwelling. She knew it must be far into the night—past ten—perhaps past eleven. No.—Hark!—There is eleven now. She counted the dull, heavy strokes, and when the sound had died mournfully away, as though strangled by the storm, she started on once more.

A few steps further brought the wanderer to a wider street, up and down which more lamps were burning, and with a faint idea that the way she would go lay to the left, she turned thither, and hurried on. Presently she met a man and woman beneath a great umbrella, and she asked them what street she was in. The man told her Hanover.

"And where shall I find the bridge to Charlestown?"

"There are two of 'em."

"Tell me the nearest way."

"You'd better keep right on till you come to the second street on the left. That is Prince street. Turn into that, and keep in it—right straight ahead—till you reach the bridge."

Rosalind uttered her thanks, and sped on. She passed one street—and she came to the second. She turned, and had gone a few steps, when a rough voice hailed her. She stopped and looked, and by the light of a street lamp which stood near she saw a dark form, all muffled up in a great cloak, crouched away in the deep recess of a doorway.

"Stop!" growled a voice, from the awkward-looking cloak.

Rosalind was frightened, and started to run. She heard a heavy, quick tramp behind her, and ere long something caught her by the shoulder—something cold and hard, like an iron hook—and she was thrown to the sidewalk.

"Mercy!" she gasped, as the man roughly lifted her to her feet, and pulled back her hood.

"Don't ye know me, my sweet chick?"

"No, no,—oh, no! Let me go!"

"Come—none o' that ere, now. I'm a watchman, my pretty. Where was ye runnin' to all so nice an' snug?"

A watchman? Then he's not a villain. He may help her.

"Oh, kind sir—I have done no wrong! I am fleeing from—from—a worse fate than death!"

"And where was ye goin' to?"

"Over the bridge, sir,—to Charlestown, sir!"

"Do ye live in Charlest'n?"

"No—in Malden."

"But ye wa'n't a goin' to Mald'n to-night."

"Yes—yes. Oh! let me go!"

"Not jest yet, my gal. I'll keep ye till mornin', an' then p'r'aps I'll let ye go; but I couldn't think of sich a thing now—not by any means. Come—come along with me. I'll find a warm place for ye."

"Oh, sir! In Heaven's name let me go!" cried the affrighted girl, struggling to free herself.

"But I can't do it, my chick. Ef ye're honest ye'll be better off where I'll take ye than ye'll be in the streets sich a night as this; an' ef ye're playin' possum it'll be better for me to nab ye. So ye must go, anyhow."

"But where—where will you take me?"

"Why—to the watch-house, in course."

"Watch-house?" repeated Rosalind, faintly. "They put wicked people in there."

"Yes—an' good people, too, sometimes. But come—ef ye're honest ye haint got nothin' to be afeared on; but the capt'n may help ye in the mornin'. Come—don't fool any more, for this aint the most invitinest weather to be out in that ever was. Ye don't want me to call for help, do ye? Jest a leetle bit of a spring o' my rattle, an' I'd have half the watchmen in the city here in two minnits."

The poor girl dared to resist no more, and with an aching heart she suffered the watchman to lead her away. When they stopped it was before a large brick building, the door of which was opened from within by some one who was coming out. In a few moments more Rosalind was conducted to a place where there were grated doors upon both sides of a wide passage-way, with bolts and locks to them. One of these doors was opened, and she was led in. It was a narrow, dark cell, with two bunks in it, one above the other, within which were mattrasses of hard, matted straw. She sank down upon the lower one, and, all wet and cold, with her head swimming and her heart crushed and aching, she became unconscious of the misery that had fallen upon her. Nature had withstood all it could, and in her extremity her senses kindly left her—left her to a night of mental death, but to awaken in the morning to—what?

CHAPTER XI.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Thomas Gondam had carried his gold all home. He had been fourteen days engaged in the work, making two trips a day with his precious load. He had purchased eight-and-twenty small canvass bags, which he said he was going to use for sending old silver off in, and into these he put the yellow pieces, each one holding four thousand dollars. The old board in the floor had been taken up and put down many times, and the bags were all arranged upon other pieces of board which had been placed between the sleepers for that purpose.

And now the broker sat in his private room upstairs, and beneath his feet lay great wealth. Gold—*gold*—GOLD—was heaped up for him, and it was all his. The drafts and the bills had been all disposed of, and who should tell how he came by them? Who, save himself, upon all the earth knew the secret of that old rusty hammer?

There were times when he felt uneasy in that private room. One Sabbath night he sat there all alone with himself.—Ah, could he have got away from that SELF he might have been free from all trouble.—He sat there this Sunday night, and out of doors the rain fell and the wind howled. There were dismal moanings about the corners of the old building, and through the angular passages, as though suffering ghosts were abroad; and the great drops that fell upon the roof, and came driving against the windows, were like the mad tramp of spectral feet. There he sat, with his gold beneath him, and as he gazed down upon the board he had so often moved a dim spectre seemed to arise before him. It was an old man, upon whose silvered locks hung great gouts of blood, and who seemed to be weeping.

With a quick start the broker rubbed his eyes, and the spectre was gone. He started from his chair and walked up and down his room. Hark! The bell upon the distant church strikes. One—two—three—and so he counts on to *eleven*. He did not think it was so late. His wife had been abed these two hours. He sits down at his desk and looks over a sheet of paper upon which there are many figures; but he cannot look upon it long, for as his eye rests upon the sum total, which gives the great heap of gold in dollars, he sees that same spectre again. He shuts his eyes—then starts up—he has moved half way to the door—when a voice in the street arrests his attention. He hurries to the window, and by the dim light of the lamp, which looms up in the night upon its tall post, and throws a ghostly glimmer upon the wet pavements, he sees a watchman directly beneath the casement. He knows it is a watchman by that huge cloak. The sturdy guardian has just seized a female by the arm—a frail, delicate-looking female, who seemed frightened and friendless. Some words are spoken—the broker cannot distinguish them—only he can understand that the poor wanderer sues for mercy, which is not granted—and then she is dragged away. He turns from the window, and another spectre appears to him on its knees. This time it is a fair-faced maiden, pale and wan. She prays, but not to him. Her prayer is to God. His name is mentioned, but he dares not note the words that go before and follow it.

"Who knows how I came by it?" he whispered, as he stands upon the loosened board. "No one knows it! No living thing but me! By my soul, I ought to sleep to-night. It's all here—all safe—all hidden—all mine! Come, sleep—come sound and heavy—come without those accursed dreams to-night! I've waited long enough to befool my senses and delude my eyes,—I think thou'lt grant my peace and forgetfulness till the morning comes, at least!"

As Thomas Gondam thus spoke he took up his lamp and moved towards the room where his wife was sleeping. But—hark! Hark again! What sound was that?—A loud knock—and at the outer door! How pale the broker turns—and how he trembles. Who can it be at such an hour, and in such a storm? A beggar, most likely—so there's nothing to fear.—A beggar who has seen the light in the private room, and hopes to gain shelter from the wet and cold. But again, and again, the knock comes, sounding above the howling of the storm, and echoing through the old halls. It is some one who will not be put off. Were the watchman here he might silence the fellow; but he is not on his beat—he has gone off with a female.

With an oath the broker took his lamp and went down.

"Who's there?" he demanded, before he ventured to draw a bolt.

"I want to see Thomas Gondam," replied a strange, hoarse voice.

"What do you want of him?"

"I want to see him on business; so open your door and let me in."

"But you can see him to-morrow."

"To-morrow may be too late," cried the voice, impatiently. "Let me in."

"Can't you tell me what you want?" asked Gondam, trembling with apprehension.

"I have told ye. I want to come in."

"Then come to-morrow."

"Thomas Gondam—if that's yer name—I must come in now. Ye don't know who's sent me. I'm alone now; but I won't be alone if it's put off till to-morrow."

There was some meaning in this—a meaning which the broker could not fully comprehend, but which nevertheless filled him with fear.

"I can't stand here in this storm much longer," said the applicant.

Gondam finally concluded to admit him. He drew back a heavy bolt at the top of the door, and another one at the bottom—these were securities which he had put on lately. After this he turned the key in the lock, and slowly opened the door.

"You're a warm-hearted man, anyhow," said the stranger, pushing his way into the hall.

Gondam might have offered resistance to this summary entrance, but he had as much as he could do at that moment to keep his light from being put out by the wind.

"My heart is as warm as most people's," returned the broker, angrily.

"It must be warmer," returned the stranger, ironically, "or ye wouldn't think an old weather-beaten chap like me could be warm on your door-stone."

"Now what do you want, sir?" demaned Gondam, trying to get a sight at his face, but without effect; for the collar of a huge pea-jacket almost entirely hid it.

"Let us find a place to sit down in afore we begin to talk," returned the stranger; "for I've got a good many things to say, and I can't overhaul my old top-piece here. So come—heave ahead, and let's find anchorage somewhere."

A fearful shudder ran from the top of Thomas Gondam's head to the very ends of his toes. This was a sailor man. He might have come from China! He might have known old Anthony Carper there!

"Come— Will ye haul yer wind out o' this, or must I stand here, drippin' like a drounded rat?"

Now that the man was in it would be best to take him at once up stairs, where no one else could hear what was said; so the broker secured his outer door, and then bade his visitor follow him. He led the way to his private room, and having closed the door, and set the lamp upon his desk, he turned towards the stranger.

"Now, sir—who are you—and what do you want?"

The man deliberately removed his great shaggy pea-jacket, and having shaken a shower of water from it, he threw it over the back of a chair. Then he took off his tarpaulin hat, and then sat down and gazed upon his host. He was a short, stumpy looking man, with black curly hair, which lay in confused masses about his head; and with a face half covered by a long, black beard. Such of his face, however, as was not thus overgrown, was dark and bronzed, showing that he must have been for many years exposed to changing weather. His eye was very bright and piercing, and was fastened upon Gondam with an expression that made that individual feel quite uncomfortable. He wore a seaman's garb—blue jacket and trousers, with a shirt of thick blue flannel, elaborately trimmed and ornamented upon the collar and bosom with white cord and buttons.

"Now, Mr. Gondam—I'm ready to talk. I've been cruisin' about arter ye for some time. I heard that ye lived here, so I just took a tack this way; but I didn't think of heavin' to here when I started. Howsomever, I made out your light—I know'd ye was up—so here I am."

Thomas trembled again with vague terror. He was not wholly unacquainted with that face, though he could not, for the life of him, tell where he had seen it.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he finally said, seeming to be very calm and unconcerned.

"Yes—I s'pose so," the stranger returned. "My name is John Peters. Did ye ever hear it afore?"

"I can't say that I ever did, sir."

"No—I s'pose not. But ye've heard it now—and ye'll remember it.—JOHN PETERS.—Don't forget it, for ye may want to call it to mind at some future time."

Gondam might have been angry had he not been stricken with a deadly fear. The longer he looked upon that face the more sure he became that he had seen it before—seen it sometime in former years. Still he had never heard that name until now—never that he could remember. But then the name might be an assumed one. He managed to shake off the incubus that was setting upon him, and finally succeded in assuming quite a stern look.

"If you have business with me, sir, you will have it done with at once," he said. "Remember, this is Sabbath evening, and it is late."

"So late as to be almost Monday mornin'," returned John Peters, with a queer look from his sharp eyes. "But I'll come at my business at once, seein' ye're in a hurry. I've got it all stowed away here in reg'lar order, an' I'll begin to overhaul it."

He tapped his head as he spoke, and gave his chair a hitch.

"First an' foremost, sir," he returned, keeping his eyes fixed upon his listener's face, "I've just got home from China. Was you goin' to say anything, sir?"

No—Thomas Gondam wasn't going to say anything. That sudden start was from another cause.

"I had an old friend in China, sir," the sailor continued—"a friend who helped me when I was needy, and gave me clothes when I was a'most naked. He went to Calcutta, and from there he came home. Now I want to find him."

"And why do you come to me?" asked Gondam, in a hoarse whisper.

"Because he told me he should come right here as soon as he landed. His name was Carper—Anthony Carper. You knew him?"

"Yes."

"I s'posed so, for he told me he was your uncle. I want to see him very much. Can you tell me where he is?"

"No."

"Hasn't he been here to see you?"

How should the broker answer this question? He was oppressed with terror, but he had some sense left. If he denied having seen the old man, this sailor might go at work inquiring and searching, and thus, possibly, endanger him. It was a trying moment, but he soon made up his mind.

"He came here, sir, and stopped an hour. That was nearly a month ago—and I have not seen him since."

"Where did he go to from here?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't he say where he was goin'?"

"No—not a word."

"Well," muttered the sailor, "that's curious. He told me I should certainly find him if I could find his nephew—his *beloved* nephew, he said—Thomas Gondam. Did he have money with him?"

"Not that I know of."

"But he had valuable papers?"

"I couldn't say."

"Well now—that's more curious still. He told me he was goin' to have you take 'em and fix 'em for him. Are ye sure he didn't have 'em exposed some way?"

"I tell you, I know nothing about him or his papers!" cried the broker, partially overcoming his fear by a momentary excitement. "If that is all you want you will get nothing from me."

"But it isn't all I want," returned Peters, with another of those sharp looks that sent the impudence all out of Gondam's soul. "If you can't tell me where Anthony Carper is, you can tell me where his grand-child, Rosalind Hubert, is. If I can find her I shall be sure to find the old man."

"I can't tell you where she is," answered the broker, with an effort.

"Then I must find her. I shall search for her, sir, you may depend on't; and while I search I shall think how strange it is that her guardian don't know where she finds a home."

"O—I do know where she did find a home," said Gondam, with a gasp, "but the folks she lived with have moved off—away off into the western country—and taken her with them."

"But whereabouts have they gone?"

"I don't know the name of the town—I don't even know what State."

"Then I must find out. Somebody will know."

Thomas Gondam had become very uneasy. There was a danger—a great one. If this man went on with his investigation he would not only find Mr. King, but he would find much else. He would tell the old farmer of Anthony Carper—and then the farmer would tell him of the dead body that was found by the road-side—and then Peters would go and see the clothes which were kept at the alms-house—and, in the end, the fate of the drafts and bills might be brought to light.

So pondered the broker while he was conversing with the sailor. And afterwards he pondered further:

How easy it would be to silence this man. A blow upon the head—perhaps two, or three—with a heavy hammer—could not be heard far on such a night of storm. The body could be hidden for a day or two—or it could be put into a chest and carried away. It would be a new crime, but it had become necessary to hide the old one.

"Have you made any inquiries before this?" the broker asked, in a careful tone.

"No. I came to you first, of course, as the old man assured me he should drop anchor here."

"I didn't know but that you might have made some inquiries for him while you were searching for me."

A new thought had worked its way into Gondam's mind. He did not believe the man before him was a sailor, as he pretended. He did not talk at all times alike. When he spoke earnestly he used different language from what he used when he remembered the character he had assumed. Moreover, it mattered little now whether he was a sailor or an Indian nabob. It was enough that he was very dangerous at this particular time.

"I have just thought, sir," Thomas said, arising from his chair, "that my wife may have heard something of Rosalind's whereabouts. I will go and see."

"I wish you would," the visitor replied.

"I will. Just wait a moment."

Gondam left the room, and glided softly down stairs. In the kitchen he found the match-box, and soon raised a light. Then he went out into the shed, and from a high shelf, among a lot of rubbish, he took an old rusty hammer. He gazed upon it, and a shudder ran through his frame. *Some of the rust-spots were newer than others, and* had a far different color; and, villain as he was, he trembled when he remembered how a poor, trembling old man had fallen beneath that iron. But a sense of danger nerved him up to his new work, and slipping the hammer into the pocket of the skirt of his coat, he started back. He was ghastly pale—his teeth set like a vice—and his fingers were clutched upon the lamp with a nervous grasp. When he re-entered his private room he had assumed a new look. He meant it for an off-hand, business look; but it was as ghastly as ever.

"I have seen my wife," he said, as he approached his strange visitor. "She says there is a letter among my papers somewhere—one she received from the girl. I will find it."

The sailor gazed up into Gondam's face, and his sharp eyes wore a new expression. He arose from his chair, and drew a heavy pistol from his pocket!

"You may search for your letter at your leisure," he said, as he cocked the weapon, and moved back a pace.

"But— Sir!" gasped the broker, shivering like an aspen. "Are you——"

"I am not afraid," interruped Peters, "but I am prepared you see. I know you, Thomas Gondam; and I have a very particular regard for my old friend's dear nephew! We shall meet again. Good night. Ha! There goes the bell again. 'Tis midnight. Excuse me."

The sailor threw his pea-jacket over his shoulder—put on his hat—and then backed towards the desk, where he took one of the lamps.

"Now, sir, if you move a step towards me you die!"

And with this he turned to the door and passed out. Once the broker made a motion towards him, but the heavy pistol was raised in an instant.

Thomas Gondam heard the man descend the stairs—he heard the bolts withdrawn, and the outer door opened—and in a few moments more he heard the tramp of his visitor upon the sidewalk. Again he was alone, and his frame shook as though with the palsy.

The broker put the rusty hammer into his desk and locked it up, and then sought his bed; but he could not sleep. That mysterious visitor, with his strange face, and fiery eye, was present with him, to torture and unnerve him. While he was fully awake he busied himself in trying to think where he had seen that face before; and when a momentary drowsiness would overcome him, the face came and startled him back to wakeful terror!

CHAPTER XII.

WHERE IS GABRIEL BARBER?

Rosalind awoke from a sort of stupor, and started up from the hard mattrass. She heard voices around her—gruff, harsh voices—with oaths and imprecations. Her head swam, and her thoughts were confused and pointless. With a low moan of pain she lay down again, and ere long she began to remember the events of the past night. Gradually the circumstances were opened to her understanding, and she again raised herself upon her elbow. It was dark in the narrow cell, but a light was burning in the corridor without, and through the grated door the poor girl could see what was going on beyond. She saw three stout-looking men, one of whom was called captain, and they were talking about clearing the place.

Presently one of them went away—there was a rattling of bolts—the creaking of a door—and when he returned he was followed by two boys. The officer scolded them for having been out so late at night, and told them the next time he found them there he should send them to a worse place than the watch-house. They were then sent off, and others were brought out from the narrow cells.

One was an old man, very well dressed, who seemed to have been found drunk in the street. Another, with bloated face, and tangled hair, and with clothes all torn and dirty, had been rescued from the mud of one of the docks. The officer asked him if he was sober enough to take care of himself, and he said yes. He crawled away like a thing far down below the level of manhood, but not quite a brute.

Next came a sight more sad and touching. A youth, not far out of his teens, was brought forth, and as the officer spoke to him his head drooped, and he dared not look up. His features were handsome, and his face would have been very fair but for the ghastly hue that overspread it. His garments were soiled, but of the finest fabric and choicest cut.

"Where were you last night?" the captain asked.

"I don't know, sir," was the tremulous response.

"Don't you know where we found you?"

"No, sir."

"Then I won't tell you. Yet you were in a place where the blackest villains congregate. If your poor mother knew it, 'twould kill her. Now go home, and look out that we don't find you here again. This makes the third time you have been picked up. The next may see you at the police court."

The youth pressed his hand upon his aching head, and turned slowly away.

After this two girls were brought out. They were allowed to go without much questioning, for they had sought shelter from the storm of their own accord.

"Now where's Rogers?" asked the captain.

"He ain't out of his bunk yet," answered one of the subordinates.

"Wasn't it he that took up that girl in number five?" the officer continued, casting his eye towards the cell where Rosalind was confined.

"Yes. He picked her up down in Prince street. But I don't know what she'd been up to."

Pretty soon Rogers entered, and after he had conversed with the captain a while, the door of Rosalind's cell was opened, and she was ordered to come out. She tottered forth from the place, and gazed with a frightened look about her.

"What have you been up to?" the officer asked, regarding her sharply.

"I have done no wrong, sir," she feebly cried, clasping her hands together.

At this moment a door at the end of the corridor was opened, and the captain was called out. In the hall stood Michael Ludder.

"Have you a girl here named Rosalind?" the pawnbroker asked.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Why—she's a daughter of mine, that's all."

"But how came she out in such a storm at midnight?"

"She ran away from a drunken husband," returned Ludder, at a venture; "and now I want to get her safely home. Poor thing! she's suffered about enough."

"Well—come in. Let's see if she knows you."

Michael followed the officer into the cell-room, and as soon as he saw Rosalind he hurried towards her.

"My dear child," he cried, seizing both her hands, "what a brute you have had to deal with. I didn't know he was such a man." Then he added, in a quick, low whisper: "Mr. King and his wife are at my house, and I have promised 'em you should go right out with 'em!" He raised his voice as he continued. "So you'll be in your old home once more. You'll be with those who have known all your childhood. Come—they shan't wrong you any more."

"Stop a moment," interposed the captain. And then, turning to Rosalind, he asked—

"Do you want to go with this man?"

The poor girl was confused and bewildered. She forgot how the pawnbroker could lie, and with the hope of seeing her old friends once more—with the desire to escape from this place of imprisonment—she said—*yes*.

"Then take her along."

Rosalind leaned heavily upon Ludder's arm, and when she reached the street she found it broad daylight. The sun was up, and great masses of clouds were rolling away to the westward, the storm having exhausted itself during the early morning. Not a word was spoken on the way. The pawnbroker wore a deep, mysterious look, and when Rosalind glanced up into his face he shook his head, as though something troubled him. She wanted to ask concerning Barber. She had dreamed during the night that he was dead. She thought she saw him lying at her feet, with streams of blood flowing from wounds which she had made. But she dared not trust herself to speak.

The walk was not a long one, and when they reached the door of the shop, Ludder took out his key, and applied it to the lock.

"I left Patty a-bed this mornin'," he said, "so I thought I'd just lock up behind me."

"But—Mr. King—— Is he not here?" gasped Rosalind, beginning to recover something of her scattered senses.

"Just you come in and see."

There was a strange look upon his face as he spoke—a look that sent terror again to the poor girl's heart, and she allowed him to lead her in. When she reached the kitchen, she found Patty sitting by the stove, watching some meat which was sputtering in the spider. The woman saw Rosalind, and started up, but instead of coming forward she sank down again, and groaned.

"Is Mr. King here?" whispered the girl.

"Sit down, Rosa," returned Ludder. "I've got something to tell you."

"Something to tell ye," echoed Patty, in a dismal tone.

Rosalind sat down, and folded her hands upon her bosom.

"I've got something to tell ye," repeated the pawnbroker, gazing into the face of the frightened girl, with a strange look. "But first I want ye to understand that we are your friends. We want to see ye safe and happy. We want to care for ye. If we hadn't I shouldn't 'ave gone out after ye this mornin'. I know'd pretty near where to look. I thought ye wouldn't get far on such a night without fallin' into the hands of the watch; so I started out. I went first where they hadn't seen ye. In the next place they had a poor girl that I thought might be you, but it wasn't. The third time dida't fail. I found ye—and here ye be. Mebbe ye'll say I told ye a lie to get ye here. But I didn't do it to deceive ye, Rosa. I did it to save ye. If I told ye Mr. King was here when he wasn't, I did it because I couldn't help it."

Mr. Ludder had assumed a look of honest emotion, and his tone was immensely humane and sympathetic. Even his eyes looked humid, as though a slight touch more upon his heart would set him a-weeping.

"I know'd if I didn't tell ye some such thing ye wouldn't 'ave come," he resumed. "Them officers never 'd have given ye up to me if ye'd said no. But 'twas for your own sake, Rosa."

"For your own sake, dear Rosa!" echoed Patty, applying the corner of her apron to her eye.

What did it all mean? Rosalind gazed upon the man, and then upon the woman.

"What is it?" she asked, in a terrified whisper.

"I don't know how to break it to ye—I'm sure I don't," said Michael.

"Tell her. Oh! tell her—and have it done with!" whimpered Patty.

"I must tell ye, dear," the pawnbroker added.

He gazed a moment upon the poor girl, and then continued—

"Where d'ye s'pose Gabriel Barber is?"

Rosalind gasped for breath, and her fingers worked nervously over her heart.

"Where d'ye s'pose he is?" Ludder repeated, fixing his gaze sharply upon the maiden.

"Poor Gabriel!" groaned Patty. "Where is he now?"

"DEAD!" whispered Michael.

"No! no! no!" shrieked Rosalind, starting to her feet, and putting her hands out before her as though she would keep off the terrible thought.

"We found him this mornin'—very early—before daylight—layin' on the floor up in your room, Rosa. There was a great spot on his temple, where the skull was all smashed in—and he was stiff, and cold, and—DEAD!"

"Just as dead as could be!" explained Patty, with her apron again at her eyes.

"He must have been dead some hours," resumed Ludder, "for he was very cold and stiff when we found him!"

"Just as cold as ice; and as stiff as—as—anything!" burst in Patty, with a deep sob.

"He heard not the roar of the storm," pursued Michael.

"Nor he didn't know when it cleared off!" suggested Patty, with increased emotion.

"We found an iron wrench on the floor, close by where the dead man laid," said Ludder; "and we know'd that that was what he was killed with. Isn't it awful, Rosa?"

"Oh! my God! my God!" groaned the stricken girl, bowing her head upon her hands, and sinking back into her chair.

"What could we do with the body?" the pawnbroker continued. "If we'd tried to hide it, and carry it off in secret, we might have been caught, and took up for the murder!"

"Only think," interposed Patty, growing indignant at the bare thought, "of Michael and me bein' took up for murder. I couldn't a' survived it—never!"

"Still," explained Ludder, "we'd have hid it if we could, but we couldn't. I says to Patty, 'what shall we do?' She says—'I don't know.' 'We can't take it onto our shoulders,' says I——"

"'Cause they'd hang us," interposed the woman.

"Certainly," assented Ludder. "But that wasn't exactly the thing then. Our first thought was to save you, for we know'd you'd done the murder, Rosa!"

"Oh—God have mercy!" groaned the poor girl, bowing her head still more low, and pressing her hands upon the marble brow till the fingers seemed sinking into the bone.

"It was an awful thing, Rosa!" said Patty, with her face hidden behind her apron.

Rosalind started suddenly to her feet, and gazed upon the man before her.

"It was no murder!" she cried, vehemently. "It was but self-defence! I did not mean to kill him!"

"Stop, Rosa," said the pawnbroker, in a smooth, argumentative tone. "You don't understand it. Suppose you were taken up for this crime—how would the case stand? Just see here:" and he laid the right fore-finger into the palm of the left hand, as though the case were plainly written there. "It would be proved that you'd been married to Gabriel Barber.——Stop. I know what you'd say. You'd say you didn't believe that you was legally married to him. But that's neither here nor there. He was married to ye—by a regular minister—and after a regular publishment. It'll be proved that ye didn't like him—that ye'd made threats of an awful kind— Ah—don't deny it, Rosa. P'r'aps ye wasn't aware of it, but ye did. Ye made some awful threats. I know ye was mighty high-strung at the time, and mebbe ye didn't mean just what ye said; but that don't matter. Courts don't consider such things. They only consider what's said and done."

"Courts is awful cur'us things," interposed Patty, with a knowing shake of the head. "I was in one of 'em once— 'Twas as a witness, dear; 'twan't 'cause I'd done anything. O, no—it was 'cause I happened to know something about somebody that had done something. The poor criminal told the judge he didn't mean to do so; but the judge stopped him right off; and, says he, lookin' as ugly as a live sculpin—'It don't make no odds what ye *meant*—it's what ye *did* that we're arter!' Oh! it was dreadful! The Lord save me from ever goin' into another court!"

"As I was a-sayin'," resumed Michael, when Patty had finished, "they'll only want to know what you've done. They'll prove that ye made awful threats, and then they'll prove that yer husband went up to yer room, as he had a perfect right to do. Then they'll prove that ye'd carried up a heavy, dangerous weapon, and that ye killed him with it, and all just because ye didn't want to be his wife. And arter this ye made yer escape, and tried to run away."

"Ye didn't know where yer friends was when ye run away from us," said Patty, sniveling again.

"Now ye may want to know how it's leaked out that Barber's been murdered," resumed Michael, removing his finger from his palm, and folding his hands upon his knees. "I'll tell ye: Ye see, we couldn't hide the body, as I told ye before, and we couldn't pretend that he died naterally, for the broken temple would 'ave given the lie to any such idea right off—so we took the straightforwardest course. We called the coroner right in, and showed him the body, and we told him that the poor man's wife had killed him, and then run off. The coroner called a jury and sot on the body, and found a verdict of willful murder! Then they took the dead man away, and the officers have gone to hunt up the murderer! So now you know why I wanted to get ye back here. Ye'll be safe with us a little while, for they won't think of lookin' in this place—right where the deed was done—after the murderer."

"Ye can have a new room, Rosa," said Patty, in rather an affectionate tone, "for I don't s'pose ye'd want to go into *that* room ag'in. I'm sure I wouldn't sleep in it for anything. I expect nothin' but that it'll be haunted!"

Rosalind had heard it all, and she sat in her chair like one dead. Her head had fallen back against the wall, and her hands lay motionless in her lap.

"Rosa! Rosa!" cried the woman, starting up.

"What's the matter with her?" cried Ludder, in alarm.

"Mercy!" whispered Patty, taking one of the girl's hands, and laying her broad, red hand upon the marble brow. "How cold she is!"

"She ain't dead!" uttered Michael, starting back.

"Lord of mercy! I hope not. But she's dreadful cold, Michael, and her arms hang just as limp as rags."

Patty would have drawn back in her terror, but as she removed her hand from the cold brow, the lifeless form would have fallen to the floor, had she not caught it again.

As soon as the pawnbroker had recovered from the first effects of the shock, he suggested that there might be life left, and they had better carry her to the bed. So Patty lifted the corpse-like form in her arms, and bore it to her own bed-room, where both she and Ludder went at work, as best they could, to bring back any spark of vitality that might be left.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE JEALOUS WIFE

MR. GASTON'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN

When Ernest Clay was married I officiated as bridegroom's man, said Mr. Gaston. I came home from the law-school in which I was completing my studies, for the purpose, by Ernest's especial and pressing invitation.

We had been friends, almost brothers, from boyhood, and I could not refuse to comply with his request, though I was little accustomed to society, and felt a sort of nervous trepidation at the thought of occupying, even for one evening, so conspicuous a position. But I loved Ernest well enough to dare even that, if thereby I could add to his happiness on the auspicious occasion.

I arrived the day before that appointed for the wedding, and in the evening accompanied Ernest to the residence of the bride-elect, for the purpose of being introduced to her, to her sister, whom I was to attend, and to the other bride-maids who were already assembled there.

They were a group of beautiful girls, merry and thoughtless, with the exception of the bride, who looked pensive as became her position. I was very much interested in watching her, for though I could see that she loved Ernest with a love that was almost worship, even that did not prevent a feeling of sadness at the thought of separation from the home and friends of her youth.

This was an amiable emotion, and I liked and admired her for it, because it showed a depth and warmth of affection which I thought was destined to make her the happy center of a happy home.

But before our visit ended I unfortunately detected another phase of her nature, which, while it still left me in no doubt of her love for Ernest, caused me to fear for his happiness, and made my heart heavy with painful forebodings. The demon of jealousy was already striving for entrance to that fair shrine.

Ernest had been sitting beside his bride, apart from the gay company, nearly the whole evening. From their place beside the open window I could catch his low, rich tones, and could see her expressive face as she listened or replied. I knew, though I could not distinguish them, that he was speaking cheerful, hopeful words to her, perhaps painting their future in all the glowing colors lent by a lover's enthusiasm. At length both were silent, and Ella's face was turned away as she gazed out upon the moonlit landscape.

Presently a challenge from one of the group of gay girls called Ernest from the side of his bride. He rose and mingled with the party who were standing beside the pianoforte, and joined his rich tenor with the clear soprano of Miss Luton. It was then, and during the conversation that afterwards took place between the singers, that I detected the ominous gleam in Ella's eye, and the dark frown that distorted her fair brow. Fanny Luton was petite, and Ernest, as he spoke to her, bent his tall figure and, leaning upon the instrument, his dark hair almost mingled with her light curls, which the evening breeze was swaying. I knew they were only speaking of music, of which Ernest was passionately fond. I knew that the deference expressed in Ernest's attitude and tones, was only that which his chivalric spirit led him to show to all women. Ernest was a man "*sans puer, et sans reproche*," and I knew, as Ella should have known, had her soul been capable of a true appreciation of his, that his devotion never wandered, never could wander from her whom he had chosen from all the world to walk beside him in life, *unless driven forth by her own act*.

It is not strange that I foreboded sorrow for both when I saw that ominous frown upon the fair bride's brow, for I knew that Ernest's scrupulous sense of honor, as well as his taste and refinement, would not bear patiently even the silent reflection of a glance upon his conduct. But I must hasten.

They were married. There was a large party assembled to do honor to the occasion, and a dance followed the ceremony. Of course etiquette obliged Ernest to dance with the first bride-maid, the sister of the bride, while the bride herself gave her hand to me. I could feel that small hand tremble, and it lay cold, with an icy chillness that pierced our gloves, in mine, as Ernest spoke to his partner in the intervals of the dance, or played absently, while a soft smile lighted his handsome features, with the fan and bouquet with which she had entrusted him.

I knew that his thoughts were with his bride, fixed happily on her who, incapable of understanding his nature, was even then giving way to the inroads of that mad jealousy, which was destined to destroy their happiness.

I accompanied them on their bridal tour, and had many opportunities of observing how Ella allowed her suspicions, so unjust and unkind, to be excited by the slightest attention which courtesy compelled her husband to pay to another.

She was, herself, fond of admiration, and even a little given to flirting, more I sometimes thought than I should desire my wife to be, and more than Ernest's fastidious taste could long approve. But I have seen her, in the midst of gay badinage with some devoted cavalier, turn that frowning brow and send that strange glance, so keen and cold, in the direction where Ernest sat, or stood in conversation with some lady of the party. Ernest was very happy and saw none of these things. They were so slight, that even I, had I not been so anxious for my friend's happiness, would not have noted them.

I did not accompany the newly-married pair to their home, but diverged when our route approached nearest my school, and returned at once to my studies. Ella's sister Mary and Fanny Luton accompanied Mrs. Clay to her home.

I did not hear often from my friends. I had hardly expected that Ernest, when married, would find so much time to devote to our friendly correspondence as had been given in his days of singlehood; and I stifled my feelings of pain and disappointment when sometimes weeks passed away without bringing a word from him to tell of his welfare. His letters, when received, were shorter than of old, and there was an evident restraint in

their tone which I tried to believe was not caused by unhappiness, but rather by the fact that I was no longer his sole confident, and that there were now large portions of his life so intimately connected with that of another that I had no right to receive their record.

In the autumn, by a standing engagement, I paid a visit to Ernest and his wife. I had expected to find Mary Raymond and Fanny Luton with them, but learned, soon after my arrival, that they had been gone several weeks. It struck me as strange that Ernest should not have mentioned their departure, in his letters, and I must have said something of the kind, or expressed it in my features, for the servant who gave me the information added that she thought that Miss Fanny had heard some bad news as she was very unhappy when she went away, that she left very early in the morning, so early, indeed, that Mrs. Clay did not rise to see her off, and that she (the girl) had never seen Mr. Clay look so serious, and pained, and puzzled like, as he did that morning as he stood looking after the carriage which bore the young ladies away.

My own disappointment—for I may as well say here that my hope of meeting Mary Raymond had made me very eager for this visit—did not, at the time, permit me to attach any importance to the girl's statement.

When I went down to dinner I expressed my disappointment in not meeting the young ladies. Mrs. Clay glanced at her husband. His eyes were turned upon the joint he was carving, and though a deep red flush spread over his face, he made no reply. The lady, therefore was forced to answer, and she said, coldly, that Fanny had been obliged to return home quite suddenly, and that Mary, from some absurd whim, had determined to accompany her.

Then she fell into lamentations upon her loneliness, and the caprices of young ladies, and during the long tirade, interrupted only by the civilities of the table, and which lasted half through dinner, Ernest remained obstinately silent.

I was deeply pained by this scene. Though utterly unable to read the riddle it involved then, I saw and heard enough to assure me that my forebodings had proved correct, and that the happiness of my friend was wrecked. It was not until years afterward, when Mary Raymond had become my wife, that I learned what had caused Fanny's sudden journey, and driven Mary, herself, in sorrow and disgust from her sister's door. And this was what I heard. I have said that Mary and Fanny accompanied the bridal pair to their home. There was little society in the neighborhood of Ernest's home, and the party were compelled to rely upon themselves, and their own resources, for amusement. Ernest, as I have before said, was passionately fond of music. He possessed a rich tenor voice, which had been carefully cultivated, and was no mean performer upon several instruments.

This taste and cultivation was shared by Fanny Luton, while neither Ellen nor Mary played well, or cared greatly for music. It was by no means surprising that Ernest often sang with Fanny, or accompanied her upon the piano-forte, or harp, nor remembering Ella's unfortuuate tendency, is it surprising that she was first morbidly unhappy, then jealous of the loss of her husband's love, then meanly suspicious of her friend, whom, all the time, she knew to be the most child-like, and innocent of girls.

These mean feelings grew until their expression could be no longer hidden from those who were their object. Mary had long since detected the trouble. She had vainly remonstrated with her sister, and such warnings as she could give Fanny without betraying Ella, she had faithfully given. But it was not until the storm burst in fearful invectives and baseless accusations upon Fanny's head, that she fully comprehended the suspicion to which her innocent freedom with the husband of her friend had given rise. She immediately resolved to return home, and Mary, indignant at the sister's meanness, accompanied her.

This storm passed. Ernest was still a lover, and though he could not forget the conduct and the reproaches of his wife, which so causelessly reflected upon his honor and the innocence of their youthful guest, he forgave them. And for a time there was at least an outward show of harmony between the ill-assorted pair. Ernest gradually withdrew from society, and buried himself with his books, or busied himself with his farming, and, especially when there were ladies in the house, mingled little with the few guests that still visited them. Perhaps this was wisest, for Ella's jealousy had become a mania, and extended to all animate objects of her husband's attention.

Matters were in this state when Mary and I were married. Ernest and Ella came to our wedding, and both urged us to pass a few days with them on our return from our bridal tour. We did so, and I then, for the last time, observed our friends in their home, and saw how both were changed in the few years of their wedded life. Ernest, once so frank and joyous, had become a silent, thoughtful man, on whose broad, pallid brow was set the seal of many a disappointed hope, while the once gay and blooming Ella, now irritable and impatient, with a quick, suspicious glance in her eye, and a querulous tone in her once pleasant voice, was fast losing the beauty that had formerly distinguished her, and becoming a slatternly, prematurely old woman.

Soon after our marriage Mary accompanied me to Europe. She died in the second year of our marriage, and I, lonely and unhappy, with a constant yearning for change that brought no peace, became a wanderer. I visited many lands, wandering through nearly all portions of the eastern hemisphere. For ten years I led this aimless, vagabond life. Then a sudden desire led me to return to my native land. Gathering together my scattered effects, I set sail as soon as possible, and one morning in late Autumn, about twelve years from the time I left home, I found myself again traversing the streets of my native town.

Almost my first inquiry was for Ernest and Ella. For years I had scarcely heard from them, for my wandering life cut me off from any but chance communication with civilization, often for long periods, and I had gradually ceased to write, or seek tidings of my friends.

Now I had sad news of the friends of my youth. Ella was the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and Ernest a wanderer, none knew whither. Dire had been the sufferings through which both had passed, but on Ernest had fallen the heaviest burden, and the great sorrow of a life wasted by another's wrong-doing.

In traveling, Ernest had befriended a young lady whom some chance had thrown in his company. It mattered not to him that the sweet girl whom he saw in tears that indicated her great distress, was ascertained to be the daughter of wealthy parents, well able and too happy to repay the debt incurred. She was far from home, among strangers, and penniless from her purse having been lost or stolen, and he, caring for her kindly, brought her safely to her parents, to be rewarded with gratitude only too deep for words.

Yet six months had scarcely elapsed ere he found himself the opponent of these once grateful parents in a court of justice. Ella, not noble enough to comprehend an act of generous courtesy, such as any true man would have been shamed in not offering, had dared to utter her base suspicions. They spread and took form, till the name of an innocent girl and of an honorable man were mingled in opprobrium.

The enraged parents sought to vindicate the honor of their child, whom they saw hourly crushed beneath the weight of contempt and suspicion all unmerited. They gained their cause, and Ernest found himself a ruined man, when forced to sacrifice his property in payment of the heavy damages awarded.

Never until then had he permitted himself to reproach his misguided wife. Then his reproaches, his accusations, and the shame which she had brought upon herself, completed the overthrow of a mind that had yielded to weakness until it became mania. She became a hopeless maniac. Then it was that Ernest gathered up the wreck of his fortune, settled it upon her, in the hands of trustees, and then wandered away to lose himself among strangers.

Five years later I met a mendicant in the streets of a South American city—a pitiful cripple, half-blind, and bowed by disease and weakness. His outstretched hand asked for alms, and placing a piece of silver on the grimy palm, I was about to pass on, when something—it must have been instinct—arrested my steps. I turned and spoke to the squalid creature, in my own native tongue.

The pale face, distorted by many scars, brightened at the sound. The one eye, dark and piercing, was raised to meet mine. Another moment, and my name broke from those purple lips—another, and I held the inanimate form of Ernest Clay in my arms!

I had him conveyed to my lodgings, where, a week later, he died, but not till I had learned his eventful story from his own lips.

What I have told you is but the merest outline of a life of suffering. Fill it up with all the shames, and pains, and agonies of a proud, sensitive man, to whom honor and good name are dear as life, when constantly stung by baseless suspicions and petty calumnies; whose most innocent act of kindness or of courtesy toward a woman subjects that woman to accusations, vague but terrible, that slowly but surely undermine the fabric of a spotless reputation—then you shall know something of Ernest Clay's sufferings, meeting their climax in a public trial, and one by which, with justice fully acknowledged by himself, he was ruined in fortune, his home destroyed, and his wife shut from all chances of improvement or reform within the walls of a madhouse.

Is it wonderful that he became a wanderer, or that he sought death in the battle-field? A volunteer in the armies of some one of the petty belligerents of South America, he was again and again fearfully wounded, but the death he sought came not. Disabled and penniless, he had just been discharged from a hospital when I met him. He had wandered all day in the burning sun, without food. Much as he longed to die, he could not resolve to die by lingering starvation, and so became a beggar, so attracted the notice of the last friend Fate had left him—then, cared for with anxious affection, he lingered out his little remnant of life.

A few days passed, and then, amidst the glories of the sunset hour, the wreck of the once noble, gifted Ernest Clay drifted out upon the great ocean of eternity, and was lost to mortal sight. But beyond the dark waters I knew there lay a harbor where the storm-tossed and weary find rest and peace forever!

SONG.

BY MASAH.

Oh! that my soul could reach thee where thou art.
And draw thee hither for a few dear hours.
Why dost thou stay so long from me apart?
My life is wasting like the autumn flowers.

Oh! is it *well* that thou should'st so forget
Whose lonely heart grows sadder day by day—
Whose restless couch by nightly tears is wet,
Weeping for one so far, so *long* away!

Why didst thou o'er me cast this mighty spell—
Why charm my soul with power so strange, so sweet—
Only to leave me pining here to dwell,
With scarce a hope that we again may meet?

Oh! it was hard—a most ungenerous deed—
A heart that trusted in thee to beguile;
Leaving it then to agonize and bleed—
Defrauded even of thy passing smile.

Come, oh! beloved—bid my weeping cease,
Lift from my soul this heavy, heavy gloom,
For grief and anguish give me joy and peace—
Give to my faded life hope's cheerful bloom.

ESTHER WARE;

OR,

MARRYING FOR A HOME

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

Esther Ware grew tired of standing behind a counter; she became disgusted with boarding-house life; she lost her spirits in consequence of living, year after year, without any one to care particularly for her and her interests; she longed for some permanent home, some companion who should be more to her than to any one else; in short, she was tired of the tread-mill and joyless round of her single existence, and she concluded to marry.

Esther had often had her own fair dreams of the wedded state. She had builded castles, beautiful and high, and called them "Home, sweet Home," but as their foundations had all been laid in air, they had tottered to their fall ere fairly finished; and at the age of thirty-four Esther was still at her place behind Madam Romeo's counter; still at her unloved boarding-place in ——— Square. No one knew what bright visions had passed through the brain of the sober and silent woman. She was deep-hearted and pure-minded, and her mental pictures of married life were always glowing with true love, or shaded softly by peace. Esther's ideal of marriage was a state more nearly allied to heavenly bliss than any other that earth ever knew. To her the idea of unaffectionate and wrangling companions, of a family of strife and selfish emulation, was dreadful. More than once she had rejected what the world called good offers, because she feared that in her heart there was not love for him who offered his hand sufficient to enable her to do her share towards making *all things* subserve the joy and serenity of home.

Well did Esther know *what is* that love which never faileth—except at the will of its object, and *hardly* then; and conscientiously had she intended never to marry any man for whom she could not feel it; but she was *so* tired, so depressed, so lonely, that the tempter gained advantage of her; and when, at thirty-four, a rich man came, who said that he would take her to his quiet home, and make it his care that she should never again work when she ought to sleep, nor walk or stand waiting on customers, when she ought to eat, nor want for any ease or luxury that money could purchase, she gave up the battle; and placing her hand in his, went forth, as he requested, with only her common store hat and shawl upon her, and was at once married. The man led her back to the store, which she was that day to have quitted for a month in the country, and announced to her employers that they must look for some other lady to fill Mrs. Maitland's place.

"This lady upon my arm I mean," he added, seeing that they looked bewildered; "for *she* is Mrs. Maitland. My wife now, and *no longer anybody's servant.*"

Poor Esther! Her heart leaped with a new sense of freedom as she heard these words. A grateful emotion rose in her heart for the man who had emancipated her after her twelve years' weary toil. She looked at him with expressive eyes, and tried to make herself believe that his face bore *some* resemblance to a face seen through the years as things are seen that lie down deep beneath still waters. He was pleased at her mute thanksgiving, and pressed her hand in his, and her other hand closer against his side; then leaving the store with all its astonished exclaimers, he walked off with his new wife towards his home. She, meanwhile, dreaming a dream, and striving to think it a reality.

Again she lifted her eyes and swept her husband's face with a look whose unutterable yearning was not unobserved by him. But he thought it all meant for him, and him only. Ah! it is *well* that our Creator has raised a wall, and hung a vail before the recesses of every spirit. Our mates may press to us, side to side, or breast to breast, they may feel what the pulse or heart-throb tells, they may read the eye, but out of the soul's secret chamber we can keep all but God.

Esther had scanned his face to see—what? Oh, she never told what; but what she did see was a goodly countenance, with sensible, clear eyes, and a sweet enough mouth, ornamented with even and sound teeth. She saw also a luxuriant and well-kept beard, and a thick growth of curly hair—but where was the mellow light, where that halo of tenderness and spiritual beauty, that had beamed upon her when her heart was bounding strong and young in its twentieth year? Looking sometimes with steady, unwinking gaze at two pictures, we may seem to see them draw together and become one; and by a mental process analagous to that by which two pictures are made to coalesce, Esther endeavored to combine the reality of the present with a vision of the past.

For in the past Esther had loved with an intensity which had well nigh destroyed her reason, a man who never warned her as he held her in his arms, and told her how dear she had become to him, who never hinted as upon her lips he burnt love's dearest kisses, and as his ardor melted her reserve, and revealed to him how wholly she had given her heart into his keeping, that his outpouring of life and love was worse than in vain, because he was the husband of another.

But now she was a wife, and on her way to her own home. How happy she ought to have been. Well, she meant to be. The first sight of her house, its pretty garden, and its neat, even elegant arrangements flushed her thin, pale cheeks with pleasure; and her eyes sparkled so that her husband cried out, astonished—

"Why, Esther, I never thought you handsome, but I believe you are."

"I was called so once," replied Esther, and a sigh followed the words, while slowly, slowly faded the brilliant color from her face.

Everything was comfortable and abundant; there was a good maid of all work in the kitchen; and it appeared that all that Esther had before her was just to make herself as happy and contented as possible.

Her husband seemed highly delighted both with himself and her. Every ten minutes he would give her a hearty salute upon the cheek or lips, and say—

"There, my girl, aren't you glad you married me?"

Esther *was* pleased and felt glad to be the mistress of such a fine, well stocked mansion. Again gratitude swelled her bosom; and she felt the tears start to her eyes, because of Maitland's kindness towards her; but when he said, gleefully—

"There now, don't go to crying, my girl; I can't stand that," and clasped her in his arms, to comfort her, she felt herself recoil; and, before she knew it, the thought had darted through her mind—

"But, oh! if he only were *not* my husband!"

CHAPTER II.

Esther had been Mrs. Maitland for a year; and she had discovered that although it was in all sincerity that her husband had declared to her former employers that she was no longer anybody's servant, he had made an assertion remarkably wide from the truth. She had found Mr. Maitland out; and learned that she had entered a service which death alone could end. A stiffnecked old bachelor as ever walked had Maitland been, and the stiff neck never limbered. Esther had guessed by the elevation on top of his head that it would be difficult walking contrary to her husband's wishes; and, therefore, from the first, she had endeavored to conform to them so far as she could discover what they were. This however was no easy matter; for Maitland was secretive and silent by nature. Esther did not talk much herself, but she liked to hear talking, and she did wish that her husband's tongue was more active. But it was no use. He hated conversation, and he hated company—he hated noise, and he hated confusion. If his wife dropped her scissors on the floor, or hit the poker against the blower, he called that a noise; and if she left her work on the table, or her shawl upon the sofa, (where she wanted them to be), he called that confusion, and felt and acted displeased. He wanted to see and know everything that Esther was doing; and the minute he discovered what it was, and how she had planned it, he wanted her to do it some other way.

When she procured such books as she desired to read, he was at hand to examine and object to them; and many a time had he obliged her to return them unperused. Dry law books and political papers he was never weary of hearing her read to him. Having no business, he was forever sticking about the house, which is enough to destroy a woman's interest and satisfaction in the company of the most delectable of men; and it won't do to tell *how* sick poor Esther became of his presence.

"Oh! dear," she thought, "if he would only lose his property, and so have to go to work."

But he didn't lose it; and he fussed and fidgeted about, dabbling and paddling in what was none of a man's business, for five long years. Many a time during that period had Esther almost regretted her former servitude; but as he always meant to be kind to her she would not be so ungrateful as to *quite* regret it. Notwithstanding she felt that she was but little better than a slave, and that she had paid dearly for a home.

Esther had always traded at her old employer's store. One day she entered it to make a purchase, and saw, standing with his face towards the door, a gentleman who looked familiar, yet strange.

"Who can he be?" thought Esther. She renewed her gaze at him; this time he bowed and half smiled, though with considerable hesitation in his manner.

It was—it must be the vision of her youth. But how changed—and she, when he left her weeping in despair, was twenty-two years old—now she was *thirty-nine*. On his face time had plowed many furrows, and his once glossy, dark hair and beard were almost white; but the eyes, the smile, the expression.—Ah! she could see little alteration *there*. He was at her side at once, asking after her welfare, and saying rapidly she could not clearly understand what, but it was something that caused a rushing in her ears and a choking sensation in her throat.

"Come out," she said, and they went forth together. He then told her how he had entered the store for the purpose of inquiring if she were yet there, or if those who kept it knew of her whereabouts; that before he had been able to push through the crowd of customers she had appeared before him. He had been in doubt of her identity until he saw her so earnestly regarding him. He had come, he said, to say that he was a free man, and that his hand and heart were hers if she would make him happy by accepting them.

These were the words that rung like the knell of doom in Esther's ears.

She never interrupted him; but when he had finished his address he pointed towards the mansion at whose gate they were, and said with visible effort:

"This is my husband's house. Will you walk in?"

The stranger drew back quickly; and with white circles forming all about his mouth, he said:

"Oh! Esther! but it is just. Good bye;" and wringing her hand, he turned and walked hastily away.

Esther knew not whence he came, nor whither he departed. When she entered her house Maitland began, as usual, to catechise her as to where she had been, &c.

"Don't talk to me now. I feel very ill," his wife said, turning a face deadly white towards him. He was terrified, and sprang to assist her to a seat. "It is nothing serious; only help me up stairs, and let me sleep awhile," she said.

He did as she desired; and she remained in her chamber until summoned to tea.

The next day Maitland was obliged to go to transact business in a neighboring city; and upon his return, the train in which he was, ran off the track, and several passengers were killed. Poor Maitland was among them.

Two months had passed since her unfortunate husband's funeral; and Esther, the widow, sat in her silent home, scarcely more lonely than she had been when Maitland sat there with her. The shock which she had experienced when his mangled frame was brought to her, and the upbraidings of conscience that had pained her when she saw that the unloved husband was dead, had, in a good degree, passed; and she now sat working quietly with tranquil face. But the work fell from her hands, and the calmness passed instantly from her face when "Mr. Angus Bernard" was announced by the servant.

Whoever came to the dwelling of the Maitlands was always ushered into their sitting-room. What their parlors were kept for nobody ever knew. And thus it came to pass that so suddenly appeared before the widow her early lover. Her agitation deprived her of the power of rightly-ordered speech. She stammered out something intended for a civil welcome, and motioned her caller to a seat. The particulars and the *result* of that interview need not be told. They may be readily inferred. There was considerable scandal set afoot among the small circle of Mrs. Maitland's acquaintances, in consequence of the shortness of that lady's widowhood, for in less than six months from the death of her first husband she was again a wife; but the tattle and the censure disturbed her not, for at last, after so many years, she was happy with the choice of her heart—the love of her whole life. When she again covered herself with the garb of widowhood, which she did after ten happy years had passed, she never again put it from her until she changed it for the white robes of the grave.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How beautiful!" And the two men paused before the window of a print seller.

The picture which had called forth from one of the men this admiring exclamation, was a showy bit of landscape, painted for effect, and well calculated to deceive an unpractised eye.

"I must inquire the price," said the speaker, whose name was Godwyn, and he drew his companion into the store.

"What do you ask for that landscape in the window?"

"Fifty dollars," replied the picture seller, "and it's worth a hundred. But the owner wants money, and must sell, even at so great a sacrifice."

"Who is the artist?"

A name not familiar to either of the men was given. But, as they were only posted up in art news indifferently well, and did not care to make their ignorance known, no further question was asked. The name was accepted as belonging to an artist of celebrity.

"I must have that picture, Martin. It is a gem." Godwyn spoke aside to his friend.

"We have a companion piece by the same artist," said the picture seller, whose ears, all on the alert, had overheard the remark.

"Indeed! Let us see the two together."

The paintings were placed side by side.

"Charming!—beautiful!—exquisite!" were the exclamations with which their exhibition was greeted.

"I will take one of them," said Godwyn. "And you the other." Looking towards his friend Martin.

"I don't know about that," answered the latter. "The pictures are certainly very tempting. But I am not just sure that I can spare fifty dollars today for an article of simple luxury."

"They're cheap as dirt," said Godwyn. "Better take one. You'll not have another chance like this soon."

But Martin hesitated, debating the money-question involved, and finally decided to let the companion-piece remain where it was for the present. Godwyn paid down fifty dollars, and ordered one of the pictures sent home.

The two men left the picture dealer's and walked on, Godwyn elated by his purchase, and Martin well satisfied at having successfully resisted the temptation to spend the sum of fifty dollars for a painting, when he had other use for his money.

"You will regret not having bought that picture," said Godwyn. "It is a gem, and is offered at half its value."

"I love pictures," was answered. "They are to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. But my income is yet too limited to permit an indulgence of this taste. The common wants of life, and the charities which may not be disregarded, keep me without a surplus to expend in the merely ornamental."

"I am no better off than you are," said Godwyn. "But a portion of my income must go in the direction of beauty and ornament. Bare walls are my abhorrence——"

At this moment a cry of warning reached the ears of the two men, and, looking forward along the street, they saw a horse, attached to an empty wagon, dashing towards them at a frightful speed. A little way in advance stood a cart, backed up to the pavement. Before the owner of this, an Irishman, had time to turn his horse, the runaway was upon him, and one of the shafts striking his poor beast on the head, killed him on the spot.

"Poor fellow," said Martin, in a tone of pity, as he heard the Irishman bewail his loss.

"Come," said Godwyn, drawing upon the arm of his friend. "It's a mercy for the poor, half-starved beast."

But Martin stood still, and began to ask the Irishman questions. His looks, corroborating his replies, satisfied him that the loss he had just met was the loss of means for getting bread for his children. The man was in deep distress.

"I can't wait here," Godwyn spoke, with some impatience. "Come, or I shall have to leave you. That picture will be home before I get there."

"Go on, then. I must look a little further into this case," said Martin, quite in earnest.

"Humph! You'll have your hands full if you stop to look into every case of this kind." Godwyn spoke a little contemptuously, and then went forward.

"Ah, Martin!" said he, as the latter entered his store about two hours afterwards. "How comes on your Irishman and his dead horse?" There was an amused expression on his face.

"Badly enough at present," was answered. "Poor fellow! The death of his horse is to him indeed a calamity; like the burning of a mechanic's shop with all his tools; or the sinking of a merchant's ship, wherein was all his fortune. But I think we can put him all right with the world again, and at a very small cost to ourselves. I propose that five individuals contribute ten dollars each, and buy him another horse. Here is the list. I have put down my name, and Gregg has followed suit. You will make the third, and I know who to calculate on for the fourth and fifth subscriptions."

Martin only partly unfolded his subscription paper, for a strong negative came instantly into the face of Godwyn.

"I'm too poor to make ten-dollar subscriptions for the purchase of cart horses for beggarly Irishmen," he answered. "If I once undertook that business, I would soon have my hands full. Take my advice, and keep your money, your time, and your pleasant feelings, and don't waste either in the thankless task of collecting money to pay for dead horses."

But Martin, though disappointed, was not turned from his good purpose. He succeeded in getting thirty-five dollars subscribed, and then, adding fifteen from his own purse, he went to the humble abode of the poor Irishman, whom he found, half stupid with despondency, amid his sorrowful wife and children.

"Come, come, Jimmy Maguire?" he said, cheerfully, "this will never do. Brighten up, man!"

"There's no brightening up for me, yer honor," replied Jimmy, sadly. "Poor Barny is kilt dead," and he drew his hand across his eyes. "The cart's of no use now, and if I was to die for it, I couldn't find money to buy another horse. Och! yer honor, and what is to become of us all?"

The picture that Martin looked upon in that humble abode lay all in deep shadow. There was not upon it a single gleam of sunshine.

"What did Barny cost?"

"I paid thirty-five dollars for him, hard-earned money, and he was chape at that, yer honor."

"Find another horse as good, or even a little better than Barny, and I will buy him for you, Jimmy. Some kind gentlemen have placed money in my hands for that purpose."

Broad dashes of sunlight fell instantly on the living picture, which lay a moment before in deepest shadow.

"Oh, sir! Is it indeed as you say?" Jimmy caught the arm of Mr. Martin, and looked into his face almost wildly.

"Just as I say, Jimmy Maguire. Find the horse, and I will make him yours."

From the valley of grief and despair to the mountain-top of joy, the Irishman's household passed, as by a single stride. They overwhelmed their benefactor with noisy gratitude, and placed him at once high in the calendar of saints.

That evening Mr. Godwyn sat alone in his parlor. The picture was on the wall, but his eyes were already more than half satisfied with its beauty, and ceased to turn themselves towards it for pleasure. A friend had been invited home at tea time to look at this picture. He had an artist's eye, and knew a good painting from a bad one. Unfortunately for Mr. Godwyn, he detected glaring faults in the landscape, and did not hesitate to pronounce it a fourth rate affair, and dear at the price which had been paid. Mr. Godwyn was unhappy.

On the same evening sat Martin alone, gazing at a picture, the sight of which gave him inexpressible pleasure. It was not hanging upon the parlor walls, enclosed in gilded frame, but grouped in his thought, and vivid as life itself. We need not describe this picture. The reader knows that it represented the poor Irishman and his delighted family. Imagination had painted it in richest colorings, and memory was enshrining it in perennial beauty. There was no power in time to rob that picture of its charming freshness. Its possession could not bring a reproving thought; no critic was skilled enough in art to find a defect, and thus lessen the owner's appreciation. It was worth a thousand such pictures as the one his friend had already ceased to value.

The lesson, reader, is for us all.

If we were as ready to hang the chambers of our minds with beautiful pictures, as we are the walls of our houses, what pleasures would we lay up in store for the time to come. As we grow older, we insensibly fall into the habit of looking inwards. We see more with the eyes of the mind than we do with the eyes of the body—oftener gaze upon the pictures that cluster on memory's walls, than upon those which hang on the walls of our dwellings. Oh! let us then give beauty and happiness to the future by daily acts of kindness—by tender charities—by deeds of human love. These will group themselves into pictures, upon which, as years glide away, and the eyes look more and more inwards, we shall gaze with purest delight; for time cannot deface them, neither will familiarity rob them of a living interest.

WIT AND JUDGMENT.—Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber. The first makes the brighter flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

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THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC

Poets and statisticians have speculated upon the probable future of the great American Republic, but we doubt if the widest stretch of the enthusiast's vision reaches the positive strength and splendor these United States will have accomplished one hundred years from this date. Of soil, between the two great oceans, and Central America and the ice region of the North—supposing the Anglo-American to respect the boundaries of South America—there is plenty for an empire, less crowded than the British Isles, of three hundred million souls. This soil embraces every climate of earth, is susceptible of every product essential to human comfort and luxury, and is intersected from centre to circumference by natural channels of lakes and rivers, for commerce within itself, or with the oceans and nations whose ships traverse them.

At the rate our population has increased during the periods between the last three censuses—and there is every reason for believing the ratio will increase—another century will give the United States a population of two hundred millions. A well-known statistician carries the estimate to *three hundred millions*. Let us imagine for a moment what some who are now living may see—the American Union risen to an empire of two hundred millions of free, intelligent souls. From the summits of the Rocky Mountains, down either slope to the sea, the eye will rest upon an unbroken landscape of farm-cottages, hamlets, villages, and cities. On every side, to the horizon, the mine, the factory, the forge, the mechanic shop, and the grain-field—with industry developing itself in a thousand forms—will mingle in a glorious psalm to labor, liberty, and knowledge. The schoolhouse and the church, dotting every hill and valley, will be the altars, the barracks, and the fortresses of the Republic.

Long ere a century rolls by, the present arts and sciences of the world will net this empire with railroads, telegraphs, and perchance aerial cars, steam will whirl the products of earth over its land and water, and lightning bear the thoughts of its people from ocean to ocean. Simple in its government and institutions; harmonious in the intelligence and fraternity of its population; exhaustless in wealth of soil and toil, and demi-omnipotent in the unity and energy of its communities, it will form a spectacle of hope to whoever is in bondage, of terror to whoever is a tyrant, and of self-sufficiency and glory for its possessors, such as empire dreamers never yet framed.

The eyes of nations are preparing for such a spectacle, and nothing but the faithlessness of the American people can avert it. It is coming as surely as the morn cometh—and as beautiful. Ere then foreign power, whether grasping the Canadas, or Mexico, or the Islands of the Gulf, will have passed away from those spaces forever. The Northern Continent of the Western Hemisphere and its island families will be our Union, one and indivisible, and a Republic against which the whole balance of the world cannot prevail!

THE REASON WHY.

There is a class of persons who are forever murmuring against destiny, and wondering why they fail while those around them succeed. To us, the secret of their failure is no mystery. They are vagarists—dreamers, who believe life is a chance or accidental affair, the results of which *happen*, and are not the product of fixed and universal laws. No man, except by chance, can succeed in anything, who does not see and accept life as a real problem, to be solved by steady, earnest, and consistent effort. Life is not vague, shadowy, or undefined; it is actual, straightforward, and plain; all its forms and colors are palpable, and by method and action alone its possessions and triumphs are achieved. But a bare exception of those who regard life thus, and go forth with a resolute purpose, ever fail. As slow steps, when long enough continued, bring one to the mountain's top, so perseverance, after a definite possible object, will accomplish it.

Thousands of young men are ruined by this skepticism toward the actuality of life. They stand midway between expectancy by chance and resolute action, and life passes before them like a golden mist, or a dark, forbidding cloud. They accomplish nothing, because they have no belief in purpose. They cannot identify their lives, and therefore imagine they have nothing to do How can they but fail? Providence abides with faith and effort. The wheat springs not up until it is sown; the house must be built before one can dwell in it; fortune, as the general rule, must be molded by toil from the infinite material at hand. He who sits on the fence surely will not plow his field thereby, nor need he wonder that his harvest in autumn is, therefore, less than his neighbor's, who both plowed and sowed. The mass of failers among men are either deliberate idlers or persons who look above the labor adapted to their talents—but many, who lack neither talent nor disposition to do, fail because they have no definite purpose in life.

ACCUMULATING.—Our obligations to our editorial friends throughout the country, for favorable notices of the LEDGER. Thanks, to one and all!

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

The prevalence of juvenile depravity in this city, has at times not only aroused the attention of the civil authorities, but also awakened united and wisely extended efforts among the various religious societies, and our reflective citizens generally, to meet and suppress the evil. Distinctions of sect and class have been merged in a common anxiety to rid our social atmosphere of the miasma of viciousness and crime, which threatens ere long to poison and contaminate the whole core of the community. The work is a noble one, and the occasion for it could scarcely be more urgent than now.

But while thousands are moving with philanthropic enthusiasm and Christian zeal to combat this evil preying upon the basis of society, there is room for fear that every effort will be lost, unless the evil is taken hold of at the root, and that is, the *causes* which excite this vast and shocking depravity of childhood. The causes must be removed, or the effects will exist and increase, even though the chiefs of police and the entire clergy anathematize them as foul fiends. There can be no question as to the cause of nine-tenths of the juvenile crime and depravity in this city. It is want of honest occupation; want of education and employment; want of those comforts which the honestly-employed are entitled to, and of that moral tone of heart and mind which result from disciplined training, added to the weight of evil associations into which they are led, or forced, by the destitution or depravity—or both—of their parents or guardians.

Were the police to arrest every child found vagrandizing in the street, and incarcerate him or her in any place created simply to punish and stigmatize, it would have no other effect than to increase and deepen the evil, for the swarms of arrested vagrants would pour forth upon society at the close of their exile, more hardened, and less fitted for the honest purposes of life, than ever. Society has got to deal with these misguided and misconditioned delinquent, in a spirit of kindly pity, expressive of a desire to raise them in due time into entire respectability. To do this, it must provide means for their suitable employment and education, so that when the young beggar or criminal is arrested, he may not be packed off to consort in idleness with spirits worse than himself, but rather be surrounded by new, pleasing and softening influences, that shall wean him, through his inclination from past modes of life.

FASHIONS.

Fashions, like politicians, keep "bobbing around" in such rapid metamorphosis, that it is difficult to keep consecutive trace of their changing hues and forms. Pthilus, an Egyptian *modiste*, when Thebes was in its glory, and the belles and beaux flaunted on its Boulevards and Broadway, was forced, in order to keep the patronage of an aristocratic circle of "high-born beauties," to produce a new fashion of dress every day for forty days—and he did it, for men were milliners as well as tailors in those days. It was, to be sure, an extraordinary occasion—a period of festival held by the Great Ramesis in honor of, and to astonish certain Persian and Assyrian envoys; but it demonstrated the fertility of Egyptian invention, and therefore proved that an Egyptian was very like a Yankee—in all but the bronze of his skin.

We do not make a daily shift, but it is hardly too much to say that the wheel of fashion takes a monthly turn, in some notable garment. It is a capital fact for trade and labor, and, without pausing to consider who foots the bill, it gives a Protean character to our mortal "birds of paradise," delightful to haters of monotony in cut and color. Fashions range through three circles—the offensive, the absurd and the admirable. In the offensive, among other things, they filthily descend to street-sweeping. In the absurd, skirts swell interminably over hoops, or are lost in flounces, while bonnets are hung upon balls of hair at the back of the head. In the admirable, woman appears the "visible angel" that she always should be, fragrant and smiling, like a beautiful flower whose costume and color God has given in harmony with its character and sphere.

THE SCHOOLS.

If we were not afraid of "waking up the wrong passenger," and bringing upon ourselves a deluge of tedious, hum-drum communications, or laudations for the furtherance of private interests, we would say to our correspondents—send us some fine articles on the schools. We wish to keep them fully in view The school operation is a vast one, and it has never commanded a hundreth part of the attention it merits. Who talks of the schools? The courts, the auctions, the manufactories, the concerts, the hotels, the churches, are talked of abundantly, but who inquires about the schools?

Who visits the schools? Does the stranger, when he enumerates the institutions which he must visit, count *the school?* Does the gentleman of leisure visit the school? Does the fashionable lady visit the school? There is a more serious question—does the parent visit the place where the destiny of his child is, in an important sense, determined? We have known many a mother to keep her daughter out of school, and go with her to the dress-maker, paying most solicitous attention to every fold and every ribbon, who never thought of going to the school to see how the formation of intellect was advancing. Parents do not speak of the school with interest, at home. Some witty uncle, or aunt, or visitor, will say to the child at tea, perhaps, "Well, do they make you study pretty hard there?" or, "Is your master pretty savage?" And such is the most respectful, and probably the only notice the child hears, while a faithful instructor is laboring to create enthusiasm for study, and a high estimate of the school opportunities.

CHILDREN.

It is said, man would be little better than a savage but for woman. With equal truth we may assert, both men and women would be hard and selfish beings but for children. These call out, and refine, and soften the best feelings of the parental heart Their little needs are so many, and their simple innocence so affecting, and their very caprices so winning that love and attention flow out to them almost instinctively. That must be a hardened nature which can remain unmoved by the soft touch and playful childishness, and hundred little pranks of baby.

WHO'S TO BLAME?—Who's to blame for the filthy, dirty condition of our streets? Have the Common Council been too busy in *cleaning* the City Treasury, to see to the cleaning of the streets! It may not be in their line exactly to attend to our thoroughfares, but still they should have an eye on them. Strangers visiting the city must think that we New Yorkers are a peculiar people, judging from the state of our streets.

ENERGY.—Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, *but made it hot by striking.*

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

ON VOICES AND BEARDS.

I once believed in voices as indicative of character; it makes me laugh now to think of it. I was cured of it by a fellow who looked born to express physically "the dignity of human nature." I believe that is the fashionable phrase Dignity! there's where the laugh comes in; dignity—in a leviathan of muscle and flesh, crawling lazily out of bed at twelve, M., to live the rest of the day by borrowing of anybody who could be bamboozled into believing that honesty, honor and manliness were represented in his deep, rich, sympathetic voice—his stock in trade, which it would be next to impossible to associate with cowardice or dishonor! Yes, cowardice! I say any man is a coward who throws the yoke of labor which the Almighty intended *him* to carry, upon the shoulders of his weaker brother, or sister, or mother, and saunters lazily through the world, demanding, unblushingly, *their* wages, whether in the shape of clothes, food, or money.

The dollars that fellow has borrowed on that voice, the drinks he has swallowed on the strength of it, not to mention the strength of the drinks! the oysters he has eaten by virtue of it, and the rides and invitations he has got!—all by those frank, hearty, jolly, musical tones, which it would puzzle a Shylock to resist. No, I believe no more in voices. Stay! yes, there's one specimen which never deceives, or, rather, which does nothing else. Did you never meet with the purr-y, mincing, die-of-a-rose-leaf female voice? Speak for a coffin for your reputation when you come in contact with that. Look out for a plague spot on your hand when the owner of that voice touches it. Treachery and deceit lurk in its oily, mellifluous whine. The owner of that voice would faint to mention the word leg; but look under her pillow and see the titles of the books she stealthily reads! The owner of that voice might sit for a female Joseph, but if Truth should seize the pencil, Potiphar's wife would glow on the canvas. The owner of that voice never disputes your opinion—oh, no; she acquiesces sweetly, and even deferentially: wait till your back is turned, and hear how much her vituperative tongue will leave of you!

Though I have done believing in voices, with the above exception, my faith remains unshaken in faces. As to heads, I take phrenology mild, but I defy anybody constantly to school the eye and mouth so that they shall tell no tales out of school. The beard movement, which on other accounts I hail, has somewhat overgrown my observations. Every man—(not that there are not some handsome fellows, heaven be blessed for their faces, delightful whether shaved or unshaved)—every man, I say, who has a weak, characterless mouth, or imperfect teeth, hastens to hide them behind a beard; and straightway the imposter goeth on his way rejoicing; perhaps sitteth down to write an article on the vanity of women, and their cupidical, toilette-ical, humbugging devices. Hollow cheeks take refuge under slantwise whiskers; narrow faces broaden themselves with the same; and he is indeed a bold man, or reckless, who does not endeavor to obliterate the traces of this fast age by a hirsute mask.

Catch these fellows once, and shave them—good gracious what devil-opments we should have! Verily, my brethren, vanity abideth not wholly with crinoline. FANNY FERN.

AURELIA.

The water-lilies float the way
The tide floweth—
So to-day
Down purple memories, far and dim,
My happy heart doth follow him
The way he goeth.

The sunset's crimson cup o'erfull
Stains the blue river
Beautiful—
So is my nature's high divine
With his rare nature's costly wine
Rose-tinged for ever!

MMA ALICE BROWN

FORE-ARMED.

"In time of Peace prepare for War," was the maxim of Washington. Not that he loved or was in favor of strife, but because his far-seeing eye saw, what the experience of nations has confirmed, that the possession and show of weapons, and of readiness to use them should occasion demand, are the surest preventives of war. From the earliest ages violence and wrong have resulted from conflicts between the strong and the weak, and the latter have suffered in proportion to their want of means or *preparation* for resistance. Nations, like individuals, respect signs of power. They seldom assault those who are equal or superior in strength. Our government has not altogether learned that it is both easier and cheaper to show its hand, to demonstrate its *preparation* for any emergency, than to be caught napping, whatever reparation may follow.

However idle the idea of a millennium at present, in which armies and navies will become obsolete, we believe that sanguinary wars may be avoided if nations will only stand on guard, *ready* to defend their rights. Though the argument has a doubtful moral, it is nevertheless true, that modesty in looking after one's interests and defending one's rights is not an admitted virtue. Self-respect begets the respect of others. If this principle had always been carried out by our government, we should have received fewer insults from nations in every respect comparatively inferior and contemptible. Powerfully as the influence of our successful institutions—at home—may have operated upon classes of people, the world over, there has been wanting that show of physical power *abroad*, by which ever the rudest masses are impressed—to perfect our influence.

What has been the cause of the superior respect so long paid to everything English, in all quarters of the globe? Simply the display she has made of power to reward friendship or punish enmity. She has not perhaps been obliged to strike a blow, but there was the ready, uplifted hand, always winning triumph. Such was the idea of Washington when he uttered the maxim we have quoted. A man of peace, he looked upon war machinery, rightly disposed, as the destroyer of war. Nothing has so opened the eyes of the world to the horrors of war as the terrible inventions of modern times, by which nations are more equalized in strength, and better prepared for contest. The very fact of being in an attitude to resent a wrong or defend a right, has made nations cautious of aggression. And this will continue to be more and more the case, in proportion as the science of war is perfected, and all nations stand fully prepared for war.

A MELANCHOLY SPECTACLE.—To see a strong, able-bodied man, who has been eagerly in search of a day's work, without success, for months, shedding tears at his inability to provide bread for a helpless family. Who could refuse a "helping hand" in such a case?

STATESMEN AND JURISTS ON THE SABBATH.

We have grouped together the testimony of some of our most eminent civilians, as to the value of the Sabbath. Similar citations might be greatly extended: but these will suffice to show that the views we recently expressed on this subject are those of the great and the good. Indeed, none need expect to be either great or good, without habitual and sacred regard for so important a law of nature and revelation. Young men, listen to these wise counselors, and *never break the Sabbath!*

"Not only the religion, but the general morality of a nation, is intimately connected with the due observance of the Sabbath. Experience has shown that the morals of the people soon become corrupted where the Sabbath, instead of being devoted to the contemplation of God, and the duties we owe to Him and our fellow men, and our families, is spent by the mass of the people in secular employments, profane revelry, irreligious sports, or in traveling in business, or for pleasure."—*Chancellor Walworth.*

"The influence of the sacred observance of the Sabbath generally in our land, would be such as greatly to soften and refine the manners, to reform the morals, and to improve the physical and intellectual powers, and would do more to prevent the progress of crime than all our prisons and houses of reformation. The effect upon society would be like the influence of Spring upon the earth. It would clothe the land with verdure, and make it like the garden of God"—*Chief Justice Williams.*

"I always felt myself under obligation to observe that law which was given by God himself from Mount Sinai, in these solemn words: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' a command which was subsequently renewed and re-enforced by the injunctions of the Saviour of mankind. So far as propagating opinions in favor of the *sacred* observance of the day, I feel it my duty to give all the faculties of my soul to that subject."—*John Quincy Adams*

"The stated sacred rest of the Sabbath is essential to the preservation of bodily health and mental vigor, as well as to sound morality and pure religion. Our hopes for perpetuating our free institutions must depend, in a great measure, upon that moral and religious training of our youth that is to be expected only from the instruction and impressions which belong to the consecrated hours of the Sabbath."—*President Day.*

"Long observation has convinced me that a large portion of the miseries we endure as a people, may be traced to the neglect and desecration of the Lord's Day, and that on this score many individuals in the upper and more observed classes of society have a heavy amount of responsibility from the bad influence of their example."—*Professor Green leaf, Harvard University.*

"Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian morality, and without this, free governments cannot be long sustained. As a civil institution merely, the Sabbath is wise and politic. * * I should never doubt the honesty of a man who, from principle, keeps the Sabbath day holy."—*Judge McLean, U. S. Sup. Court.*

"God has written the solemn truth in the whole line of his Providence, as well as in the pages of his word, that the people who despise his Sabbath must suffer his frowns."—*Hon. Theo. Prelinghuysen.*

"The Christian religion owes its extension, and its power over the consciences of men, to the institution and influence of the Sabbath."—*Governor Ellsworth*

"If the nation is to be saved, the observance of the Sabbath must be restored."—*President Nott.*

AN OLD MAN'S OPINION.

We received the following letter from the postmaster at Pipestone, Mich., some time ago, and now lay it before our readers for their perusal:

MR ROBERT BONNER—Sir: I wish to continue taking your excellent LEDGER. The money inclosed is to pay for the same. I have been a reader of newspapers for half a century, and I can truly say that I never saw any that I liked better than yours, excepting some that are strictly religious. And I feel no disposition in my old age to find fault with an editor, unless I can have more grounds for it than my brother postmaster, to whom you referred in your last issue. May God spare you to continue your said paper for many years to come. Yours, very respectfully,

WILLIAM BOUGHTON, P. M.

We are proud to count among the friends of the LEDGER an aged and venerable man like Mr Boughton. His letter sends a thrill of joy through our entire frame. To receive the commendations of a subscriber who is drawing towards the close of life, is no less encouraging than gratifying, and that such an one should prefer "strictly religious papers" is creditable both to his head and heart—it shows that he is very properly studying those things which pertain to his eternal well-being May the remnant of his life be happy and peaceful, is our most devout wish.

MILK WAGONS.

We all drink milk. That, we believe, is an admitted fact. No! replies our physician in ordinary, we do not all drink milk. We *believe* that we drink milk. Well, so be it. The adulteration of milk is so notorious, that we took it for granted that everybody would qualify an assertion with the knowledge of the fact. What we want to call attention to now are the milk cans. Have you ever noticed them, reader? If you have not, just watch them the next time they stop at your door. They are covered with rust and filth. One can tell at a glance that they are never cleaned inside or out. The wagon in which they stand is generally half filled with nasty, rotten straw or hay. The man that drives is as greasy and as dirty as his equipage. The whole affair is so sloppy and disgusting, and the vision of it rises so forcibly before one at the breakfast-table, that the milk-jug becomes abhorrent, and one's coffee absolutely distasteful as medicine. We have persons appointed for the supervision of butcher's meat; why not some one for the examination of milk wagons? It is too bad to be obliged to suffer such daily indecencies to pass unmolested.

FEMALE CULTURE.

"Virtue commands good men's respect, and all men's honor She that arms her intentions with it is invincible."—OLD PROVERB.

Female culture in our day seems to consist almost solely in a systematic round of non-essentials, under the mis-named cognomen of "accomplishments." Intellectual culture, in the comparatively few cases it may be enjoyed, becomes inert, or lost, amid those infatuating *fooleries* or "accomplishments," if we must call them so, which parents think so essential to a daughter's "*finished* education." A due culture of the heart, which would alone render them inestimable to society, parents omit as if it were a matter of no consequence to them. Indeed such culture is quite out of fashion now—it belonged to the good old days of our grandmothers.

☞ THE Boston Evening Gazette has a compositor who has been setting type for it since 1816, a period of forty-two years.

That's nothing. The late George Goodwin, of Hartford, worked "at case" off and on for upwards of *seventy-five years* in the Courant office. So the old gentleman informed us himself a short time previous to his death.—ED. LEDGER.

WILD OATS.—A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a large trunk filled with small phials and mercurial preparations. We can hardly say that the yield pays for the time and labor expended in the cultivation.

A "BUST."—Susan Nipper, on hearing that Powers the sculptor was "at work on a bust," exclaimed that she couldn't see how any man could work when he was on a *bust*. "There's that Jim Ferguson," she said, "he's been on a bust ever since he had that nineteen dollar bill paid him, and he aint good for nothing whatever to work."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE Greeks showed a due appreciation of the fitness of things, when they made the word slanderer synonymous with devil. Slanderers, though, are at all events economical, for they make a little scandal *go a great way*, and never open their mouths except *at the expense of other people*. They filch the fair character of others, because they have none of their own, and with this advantage, that the stolen property can never be found upon them The only defence for their covert and cowardly mode of attacking is that backbiters cannot be expected to meet you face to face Perhaps, though, they have something like a valid plea for the foulness of their mouths, considering how often they have been compelled to eat their own words. Hang them, let us do the fellows justice.

SILENCE is a thing which it is often difficult to keep in exact proportion as it is dangerous not to keep it. It is so frail that we cannot even speak of it without breaking it, and yet it is restored as easily as it was destroyed Few persons appreciate the value of this mysterious quality All men and all women, when they talk, think they are conferring pleasure upon others, because they feel it themselves

GOVERNOR JOHNSON, of Tennessee, who justly prides himself on having once been a tailor, complains that a couple of political batteries have been opened upon him from opposite directions. It may take the pair of batteries longer to make a pair of breaches than it used to take him to do that job.

ORSON HYDE, one of the Mormon apostles, boasts, that, if he lives ten years and thrives as he has been thriving, he will "have sons enough to make a regiment by themselves." We have all heard of the "Daughter of the Regiment," but the father of a regiment will be something quite new in our land.

LONGFELLOW, in one of his beautiful effusions likens the formation of a poem from a thousand thoughts and images to the floating together of sea-weed from all the seas, and gulfs, and bays of the earth. We are afraid that, in this comparison, he has hit the *matter* of most poetry, quite as correctly as the mode of its production.

A YOUNG man in Iowa went to the house of a young woman, by appointment, to be married, but, finding her gone, hung himself at her door. It seems he was determined to get himself into a noose, and wasn't at all particular as to the sort

WE once heard a Doctor Bacon, a funny old gentleman, ask a preacher "why people always called a hog's head a minister's face." "For the same reason, I suppose," replied the preacher, "that they call his other extremity *bacon*"

PEOPLE of genius, though they usually suffer more keenly than others, should never regret their heavenly gifts. Should the butterfly wish to lose his shining wings and become a poor grub to escape the rushing storms of the atmosphere?

IT is the received opinion that men find straightforwardness the best for success. We suppose they do, and yet men, like fishes, oftentimes get bravely ahead by a very crooked process of self-propulsion.

THE habit of snuff-taking seizes a man by the nose, as St. Dunstan did the devil. We believe society generally has decided that no man would habitually thrust dirt into his head, if he had anything better in it.

WHEN men undertake to extricate themselves from debt by having private subscriptions got up for them, they are paying their creditors by taxing their friends—an approved method of getting rid of both.

A WOMAN complains in one of the Eastern papers that without any fault she has lost her good name. In our section, ladies very often lose their names, but, in doing so, they generally manage to find new ones.

SEVERAL editors are disputing in the West about the comparative length of the ears of corn they have received. Can they find nothing better to boast of than the length of their ears?

MRS. CHARITY PERKINS, of New Orleans, came near dying of poison a few days ago. A *Sister* of Charity was suspected of having administered the dose.

ONE of our writers asks what sort of animals are the laziest. We think it likely that oysters are, for they never get out of their beds till they are pulled out.

"MR. B.," said a judge upon the bench to a very plain-spoken advocate, "you insult the dignity of the court." "Sir," said the advocate, "the court has no dignity."

ALWAYS practice concession. A little explained, a little endured, a little tolerated as a foible; and lo! the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

SCOLDING, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

FEMALE physicians are becoming common in some of our large cities. They are supposed to be adepts in the treatment of the heart.

IF Love is represented blind, perhaps Hymen may properly be called the coucher that often manages to open its eyes.

THE tongue, like a race-horse, generally runs faster, the less weight it carries.

GOOD nature, like a glow-worm, sheds light even in dirty places

PERHAPS a majority of persons are far less ashamed of having done wrong than of being found out.

CURRENT ITEMS.

IN Brigham Young's last reported speech, or sermon, he called the United States troops sent against him "an army of grasshoppers," said they were "sitting on the snow at the base of the Rocky Mountains, with only three crackers a day for food," had "but one half-starved mule to draw all their artillery, baggage, and camp equipage," and that the time spoken of by the prophet was fast approaching when "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." This may be true, and if it is, when the crisis comes, Brigham will probably head the fleeing ten thousand. There is no real courage in such a blusterer as he is.

COLONEL KALBFLEISCH, a German gentleman, in passing, with a horse and cutter, through "a piece of woods about seven miles in extent," near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, found that he was pursued by a number of wolves The road being in good condition, and the colonel's horse a spirited one, the race was highly exciting. The wolves gained upon the traveler in the wood, but gave up the chase as soon as he reached the open plain. Had his horse been a slow, dull hack, both it and the colonel would have stood a fair chance of being eaten.

A MULATTO woman who had been ejected from a church in Vandalia, Ill., on account of making a disturbance, went home, got a revolver, returned, fired through a window at the congregation, and dangerously wounded a very estimable citizen. The woman was caught by a number of enraged persons, and was with difficulty saved by the officers of the law from being lynched on the spot.

THE Rappahoe, Sioux, and other Indian tribes have commenced fighting each other with the greatest rancor, but all of them have agreed not to molest the soldiers or the private citizens of the United States who shall pass through their territory on their way to Utah and Oregon.

THE extremest case of "spiritualism" that we have seen recorded is that of a resident of the town of Hume, in this State, who, under the direction of the "spirits," has sat four weeks on a couple dozen of eggs, for the purpose of hatching them.

A "CONFIDENCE MAN" attempted to "take" in a green-looking fellow on the Battery, a few days since, with the patent-safe game, but to his surprise was himself "taken," the green-looking man happening to be a detective police officer, dressed for that and similar occasions.

IT has recently been discovered that the sun is 96,160,000 statute miles from the earth instead of 95,000,000 as has been heretofore supposed. We should think a few millions of miles would make but little difference among so many.

THE New York Academy of Medicine has decided that a physician who has once attempted to get up and sell patent medicines, can *never* be restored to the confidence or membership of the profession.

Two young men were recently thrown out of a cutter, in Adams, (N. Y.) and fell down a precipice ninety feet high, and yet, strange to say, they escaped without serious injury.

THE religious revival is extending and deepening with almost miraculous power. A Newburyport paper says that over three hundred persons have professed conversion in that place within a short time.

ELIJAH HUBBARD, of Conesville, N. Y, while on his way from that place to Potter's Hollow, sat down by the roadside in the snow, and continued sitting there for three weeks, and when discovered was frozen as solid as ice

A CLERGYMAN, named Howell, residing in Oxford, Ohio, recently committed suicide, leaving a wife and six children.

A FISHERMAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

A fisherman leaned on a clapboard gate
  He was often used to pass,—
'Twas sunset, and two little boys
  Were playing on the grass.

The watch-dog by the door-stone sat,
  And bayed the rising moon,
And the mother milked her cow and sung
  An old and pleasant tune.

The children left their play and ran,
  And, leaning on her knee,
She milked the milk into their mouths
  Laughing with girlish glee.

And as she carried her frothy pail,
  Slow to the rustic door,
One little one held at her skirt behind,
  And the other one before.

She stopped, and hugging both their heads
  Against her loving breast,
They looked like two bright little birds
  A-peeping from one nest.

The sunburnt fisher went his way,
  Sighing alas, alas!
It was not for the little boys
  That played upon the grass.

And when he came where cold, gray stones
  Were standing, many a pair,
He put his net from his shoulder down—
  His little boy was there.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ASSASSIN FOILED.

The next time Tom Styles presented himself at the chambers of his unprincipled employer, the latter had no occasion to inquire the result of his visit to Jersey—he read in the looks of the ready tool of his long scheme of villainy, the confirmation of the fears which haunted him. His wealthy uncle, so stern and relentless towards his erring daughter, had fixed his affections upon her son, whom he had saved—snatched from the very threshold of a career of crime.

A scowl knit the brow of the manœuvering nephew; the discovery was a most unpalatable one for it entailed the necessity of an act which would place him in the power of his confederate, a thing he would much rather have avoided.

"I need not inquire the answer, Styles," Carus exclaimed; "the old man is a greater fool than even I gave him credit for."

"It is George Hoffman's boy," said his visitor; "he is at school with a clergyman, where only the sons of gentlemen are received, and his grandfather has been twice to visit him there. It seems his heart is quite wrapped up in him. No doubt," he added, weighing every word he uttered, in order to increase its effect, "but he intends to make him his heir."

"Perhaps not," muttered Carus, bitterly.

"Or at least a partner in the firm. *That is what I should have liked to have been.*"

His hearer smiled; he perfectly comprehended the indirect manner by which the speaker let him know the price attached to the service he required at his hands.

"And that you would have been, Styles," he replied, "had I been left the whole head of the house; but with *another* to consult, I fear it will be impossible."

"Why, you don't intend to put up with it?"

"What can I do?"

"*You told me to return for instructions.*"

Now these were the very things Mr. Carus Kearn had, upon sudden reflection, made up his mind not to give, for fear of committing himself. The ambitious hint the speaker had thrown out of having a share in the concern, alarmed him; he had no intention of paying so enormously for a service which he could perform with less risk himself.

There is no confidence in the bond of mutual villainy; its perpetrators can never trust each other.

"I should have had occasion to employ you again," he observed, "had the affair turned out otherwise; but as it is——"

"Why, you never intend to put up with it!" exclaimed Styles,

"What can I do?" demanded the tempter, innocently. "Mr. Bently is the master of his fortune, free to dispose of it as he pleases; there is no preventing that. Where there are no means of avoiding an evil, the best thing is to submit."

"And see this boy step into your place?"

"Even so."

"And you intend to stand it?"

Carus once more repeated his former question. "What could he do?"

"What can you do?" said the ruffian. "What can you do? I feel so indignant, that were I only assured you would act fairly by me, keep faith and make me a partner, I'd find the means of preventing your uncle from making a fool of himself, and of you, on my own account."

"By violence!" said his employer; then, after a pause, he added, "violence is out of the question, at least with my consent. I might not hesitate at a stroke of *finesse*—but crime, never! never! I must e'en trust to the chapter of accidents, and leave events to take their course."

"Means to try it himself," thought Styles, and he too took a resolution, the results of which will appear hereafter.

Carus paid him for his visit to Jersey; and, before dismissing him, gave him strict orders during the ensuing month to keep a close watch upon the proceedings of the new firm of Thornton and Hoffman, and report to him by letter daily.

"Wants me out of the way," was the conclusion the disappointed ruffian mentally came to, but without suffering the slightest symptom of discontent to appear, either by word or look.

Styles quitted the chamber with the conviction that he was an ill-used man. He felt disgusted at the want of confidence in him shown by Carus, and the meanness of the latter in undertaking his dirty work himself when he had so fitting an instrument at hand.

"He may do it himself," he muttered, "but I will take care and be paid for it; with all his cunning, he shan't rob me. Doesn't he like the idea of my being a partner? Maybe my chance is as good as his, though he is Mr. Bently's nephew, and I one of his discharged clerks—no, no, Mr. Carus; I have worked for you long enough; it's time I thought of myself."

The blow which Carus meditated was intended to achieve a double purpose. The first was to remove from his path one who threatened to prove a dangerous rival in his designs upon the fortune of his wealthy relative; the second to wound the heart of the woman he hated, through its best affections, love for her lost boy. Singly, it is doubtful whether either of the motives would have proved sufficiently strong to induce him to incur the risk of such a crime; but united, they proved irresistible.

In his evil imagination, the ruffian gloated over the disappointment it would cause his uncle, the agonies of Rachel, and the remorse of George Hoffman; he thought not of himself, the probability of detection, and the punishment which, sooner, or later, overtakes the murderer. Calculation for once was drowned in passion; prudence, in revenge.

There was no feeling of pity for the victim—for the young life he was about to sacrifice—the hopes, aspirations, dreams of the future to be silenced and closed for ever; but, on the contrary, a fiend-like determination to persevere, reckless of everything but the gratification of a wild, insensate hate.

That same evening there chanced to be a masquerade at Her Majesty's Theatre. The opportunity of purchasing a disguise was too good to be lost; and about midnight Carus Kearn entered one of the numerous shops in the Haymarket in which costumes were let or sold. In one of these he purchased himself a pair of artificial moustaches and a military undress.

"I shall never be recognized in these," he thought. He had pondered well over the crime, and calculated every chance, as he thought, of detection. Like other criminals, yielding to the storm of passion, he imagined that he had guarded against every contingency. The fool should have remembered that a clue—fine as the lightest thread of gossamer which wantons in the summer air—is sufficient to guide the avenging hand of justice when Providence directs the blow.

Whilst making his purchase, a fellow dressed in a greatcoat, his hat pulled over his brows, stood at the window, peering in and watching his every movement.

It was his agent, Tom Styles, who dogged him from the shop to the theatre.

"That is not the only use," thought the ruffian, "Carus Kearn intends to make of his purchase.

THE RESCUE.

Mean humbug! to take the bread out of an *honest* fellow's mouth by doing his dirty work himself!"

"I'll see," he added, after a pause, "if two can't play at the same game: hide-and-seek ain't so difficult to learn."

This time Richard Hoffman saw the approaching holidays without regret. The explanation which had taken place between himself and his benefactor—for our readers must recollect that the boy still remained in ignorance of the real tie between them—had removed a weight from his heart. Formerly he had reproached himself with his fine clothes and good living as with a crime, whilst those so dear to him were in poverty and suffering, but now that he knew such to be no longer the case, he waited patiently till his father's habits should be considered sufficiently reformed to admit of his being restored to him again.

Added to all this, he contemplated a visit from the merchant for whose kindness he began to entertain a feeling bordering upon affection. Like his mother, he had been endowed by nature with a grateful heart.

The day at last arrived on which his schoolmates were to return home. Richard accompanied them to the pier—a thing he had never been permitted to do before—and saw them embark.

For the last month the grateful boy had occupied all his leisure time in making sketches of the most interesting views of the island. These he had placed in a small album, and requested Harry to give to Mr. Morton. He had not forgotten his kindness to him.

"To my father!" exclaimed his friend, astonished at the request.

"Yes."

"But why to him?"

"Did you not tell me that he wished to have one or two drawings of the boys'?" replied our hero, evasively; for he recollected the promise he had made, and scorned to break it, even indirectly.

"That's true."

"Besides, he is your father, Harry, and, I have no doubt, a kind one: quite reason sufficient for my sending them."

Fortunately the bell of the steamer rang, and there was no time for further explanation on the subject. The speaker had purposely delayed giving the book to his friend in order to avoid it.

Having watched the vessel till it had rounded the point and disappeared behind the rocks, Richard Hoffman and his tutor returned home.

"Do you expect Mr. Boucher, sir, this vacation?" he inquired.

Boucher was the name his grandfather went by on his visit to the island.

"I do," answered the clergyman, "but not for several days. I am quite as anxious as you can be to see him," he added, "for I feel proud of the progress of my pupil; but what is the particular motive of your asking?"

The youth informed him of a desire he had long entertained to take a pedestrian tour round the island and visit all the bays. As he was now almost a young man, and the tour, under ordinary circumstances, unattended by danger, the Reverend Oneas Brown at once gave his consent, and it was agreed that our hero should start on the following morning.

Those who are truly admirers of nature, and have been accustomed to seek her beauties in the remote track, far from the haunts of men, may imagine the delight with which our hero—who, to an artist's eye for the picturesque, joined the poet's enthusiasm and appreciation—gazed upon each fresh scene which some sudden turn in the road, or the ascent of a precipitous rock unfolded to his view; the sense, too, of liberty, added to the enjoyment of the balmy air, laden with health upon its wings.

In our progress through life we have visited many lands. There are few nooks in Europe but are as familiar to us as the village green on the skirts of which we were born, and over whose verdant turf we have often chased the flying ball with our school-companions, and yet we know of few more agreeable spots than Jersey, its extraordinary variety of hill and valley, landscape and sea view. One must be well acquainted with the island to understand how so many attractions can be crowded into so small a space, and when understood, the wonder will increase.

Richard Hoffman not being pressed for time, indulged in that dreamy love of leisure which is one of the great pleasures of a poetic temperament. There was not a point of view which he neglected, or did not pause to contemplate with increased admiration and delight, for each appeared more attractive than the former.

On the third day of his tour he reached a picturesque cluster of rocks which inclose one of the numerous bays on this island, and, by stretching into the sea, seal it hermetically from the rest of the land, so that a person left there at low tide would have no chance of escape unless by boat, or the bucket and cord by which the fishermen descend who put to sea to follow their perilous occupation, and return by the same means, leaving their barks attached to the rocks below.

The scene was a most tempting one, and Richard felt a strong inclination to sketch it. But how to descend puzzled him. He was not strong enough to let himself down, although many of the sailors were in the habit of doing so, for it required a grasp of iron, and a steady eye.

Just as he thought of abandoning his project of descent, a well-dressed man, of a half military look, to all appearance a tourist, like himself, made his appearance on the rock.

"A lovely scene, young gentleman," observed the stranger, approaching him.

"Very, sir."

"An artist, I perceive."

"Only an amateur one."

"Are you about to sketch the bay?"

"Such was my intention," replied Richard Hoffman, "but I fear I must forego it."

"Why so?"

"I dared not trust to my own unassisted strength to manage the rope, and there is no other means of descent."

The stranger approached cautiously to the edge of the rock and peered over, regarding the bay very attentively for several minutes.

"Is there not a path round?" he inquired.

Richard explained to him how completely the bay was isolated from the rest of the land—a mere segment of sand scooped out, as it were, from the sides of the rocks, which at each extremity ran far into the sea.

The gentleman regarded the rope attentively, and the rude but strong machinery to which it was attached. To all appearance nothing could be more secure.

"I have an artist's feeling myself," he said, "and can understand your disappointment. You are not very heavy, and the windlass regulates the descent, so, if you like to try, I will let you down."

The offer was thankfully accepted by our hero, who, placing himself in the basket, in which he had previously arranged his traps, gave the *obliging* gentleman the signal to let him down. At first the stranger did so very carefully, watching the rope as it uncoiled itself from the cylinder. When the basket was about a third way down he paused, held the crank by one hand, and drew from his pocket a large clasp knife.

"Better cut the rope," he muttered. "No one sees me. It will be but one crash, and all will be at an end."

The blade stuck, and the speaker proceeded to open it with his teeth.

Whilst thus occupied, a carriage might have been seen winding slowly along the road. It contained the Reverend Oneas Brown and Mr. Bently. The latter had arrived sooner than he had been expected, and, in his impatience to behold his grandson, started with the worthy clergyman in quest of him.

Richard, who felt naturally very much surprised at the pause in his descent, called out to know the cause; and became alarmed on receiving no answer from above. In the event of anything having occurred to derange the machinery, he knew that his destruction would be inevitable.

Just at the spot where he hung midway between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, only in a far less satisfactory manner, jutted a portion of rock, sufficiently broad for a man to rest upon. A singular vibration of the cord warned him there was no time to lose. He sprang from the basket and reached the place of safety just as the rope broke.

An instant later and he would have been dashed to pieces.

So entirely absorbed was the assassin in the accomplishment of his horrible design, that he neither heard the rolling of the wheels over the turf, nor the footsteps of those who quitted the carriage and advanced towards him. The ruffian had drawn himself to the edge of the rock upon his hands and knees, and was peering down, when the clergyman, in a tone of horror, exclaimed—

"The rope has broken!"

"It has been cut," added Mr. Bently.

On hearing the voice of his uncle, Carus Kearn started to his feet and fled, not doubting but he had fully accomplished his execrable design. A fellow dressed in a blouse and slouched hat, such as are generally worn by the peasantry of the island, who had all the while been watching him, started off in pursuit.

"Alas!" exclaimed the clergyman, in a tone of the deepest anguish, "the poor boy is killed!"

At the word "killed," Mr. Bently uttered a deep groan, and sank senseless to the ground.

Alarmed by the cries of the driver and Mr. Brown, several of the fishermen hastened from the cottages at a distance. No sooner were they informed of what had taken place, than they started in pursuit of the murderer.

"My boy! my poor murdered boy!" murmured Mr. Bently.

One of the fishermen, the oldest of the group which had gathered round the carriage, listened.

A faint cry was heard.

"Are any of the boats out?" inquired the man.

"Not one," replied his companions.

"It must have been the poor fellow's ghost, then."

The cry was repeated, and the more superstitious, as most fishermen are, would have fled, had not the clergyman restrained them.

"Heaven, perhaps," he observed, "has miraculously preserved him. I cannot leave my friend. But some of you ascertain the boy's fate; you shall be well rewarded."

Animated by the hope of gain, and acknowledging the possibility, although they doubted the probability, of any one escaping from such a descent, the men crept to the edge of the rock, and one of them discovered Richard Hoffman, seated on the projecting point which had afforded him a refuge.

Their first care was to unwind the rest of the rope; fortunately, there was more than enough to reach the place on which our hero was seated. That ascertained, one of the fishermen made a loop at the end, and his companions lowered him down.

It was a moment of intense suspense to all, for the doubt was whether he would be enabled to swing himself sufficiently near the projection, and even in the event of his doing so, whether the momentum, should the youth attempt to catch hold of the rope, might not drag them both off.

A shout announced that the first part of the attempt had succeeded; the man had obtained a footing on the rock.

"What has occurred?" demanded Richard Hoffman; for it never entered into his imagination that the rope had been purposely cut.

"An accident, sir."

"I thought so. The gentleman must have been very much distressed."

The honest fisherman remained silent. He judged that it would not do to unnerve the youth by telling him that his life had been attempted.

Although the gallant boy assured him that the precaution was unnecessary, the experienced sailor insisted on fastening him securely to the cord by means, not only of the loop, but his cravat, before he gave the signal to hoist him up.

The precaution was a wise one; for once in the air, the light weight of our hero permitted the rope to vibrate like the pendulum of a clock; and, ten to one, had his safety depended on his grasp alone, that it would have failed him, and he had been dashed to pieces.

So bewildered did he feel when once more secure on terra firma, that it was some moments before he recognized either his tutor or Mr. Bently. The latter, overwhelmed with joy at his escape, and still pale with terror and agitation, could only offer up a silent prayer of thanksgiving.

"My dear boy," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Oneas Brown, "accept my congratulations."

"My escape has indeed been miraculous," replied our hero; "but I felt the rope was breaking, and contrived to obtain a footing on the rock."

"Breaking!" groaned his grandfather, grasping the hand of the youth; "it was cut."

"Cut!" repeated Richard, with astonishment. "Who could have committed such a cruel action? I have never wronged any human being that I am aware off."

Mr. Bently's resolution to conceal the tie between them gave way, in the presence of the danger the speaker had escaped. He pressed him to his heart, acknowledged him to be his grandson, and vowed henceforth he would encircle him with such protection that villainy should be disappointed of its aim.

"My grandfather," repeated the still bewildered boy, gazing on the old man's agitated countenance. "This, then, explains all."

Before returning to the residence of Mr. Brown, the merchant called the fishermen around him, and distributed the contents of his purse to them. All were rewarded liberally except the man who had descended in search of our hero. He had not received a single guinea.

"What is your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Jacob Tawgelle, sir," replied the honest fellow, in a tone which evinced surprise, rather than disappointment.

"Come to me to-morrow at the residence of this gentleman," said Mr. Bently, "and you shall have no reason to complain of my liberality; the service you have rendered me is one that a mere gratuity cannot repay. I must see that your future days are placed beyond the reach of want."

CHAPTER XXXI.

OLD MIKE VISITS ST. FAITH'S.

It is now time that we return to St. Faith's and the simple race who inhabited it, lest our readers should lose some portion of the kind interest which, with their usual benevolence, we doubt not they already begin to feel for poor Simon Gee, the weaver, and his industrious little wife, Hester. If the kind-hearted old man had yielded to the inspiration of his own feelings, he would instantly, on the disappearance of Lillian, have set out in quest of her; but his friends represented that he had no clue to guide him in the search, that Mr. Thornton had already sent notice to the police throughout the district; in short, that he was far more likely to behold his neice by remaining at home, than in starting on a hopeless voyage of discovery without compass to direct his steps.

Hester—a most important point in deciding him—despite her grief, which fully equaled her husband's, was of the same opinion, and Simon waited day after day till hope grew fainter, and he could endure the state of suspense and uncertainty no longer.

More than once, when his wife returned to the cottage after any temporary absence, she had found the poor fellow seated at his loom, his hand grasping the shuttle suspended over the warp motionless, and so intently absorbed in his grief, that even her return failed to disturb him. It was evident that this state of things neither could nor ought to endure. His heart was breaking. Any change, even though it terminated in disappointment, was preferable.

Hester was not the only person in the village who suffered from this access of melancholy, which rendered her husband's loom idle, although, as his better half, it affected her more closely. More than one farmer's wife was waiting for the thread she had spun being returned to her in the shape of good stout linen cloth; in fact, it was a general calamity, and the matrons of St. Faith's very naturally laid their heads together, to consider how best to put an end to it.

It was resolved that Simon Gee should start from home, in a week or two, in search of Lillian. Those who advised the step had not much confidence in his finding her, but the change, it was considered, would work wonders.

Still it was not without certain, or rather uncertain, misgivings, that Hester consented to the step which the general interest, in some sort, rendered imperative, and prepared the viaticum for her husband's departure.

As may be supposed, its contents were not very extravagant—a change or two of linen, an extra pair of shoes, and five pounds carefully sown up in the waistband of his—had the Greeks or Latins ever worn the garment in question, we might have spared our own modesty, and that of our readers, by alluding to it under its classical name, but, as they have not, we must use an algebraical sign, ——, not doubting but it will be generally understood what it stands for.

The inhabitants of St. Faith's were nearly all assembled to bid the weaver good-bye, and God speed him on his way. Many, and no doubt exceedingly profound, were the cautions, advices and informations which accompanied their kind wishes. Farmer Minter, who had been twice in London, and was consequently looked upon as an authority, warned him emphatically against the cheats of the metropolis; to let no man know where his money was concealed, or how much he carried with him. A second gave him a letter to his brother-in-law, Edward Jones, at the same time assuring him that although he, the writer, had not heard of him for some years, Edward Jones would kindly welcome him for his sake, and added, that although he had forgotten the name of the street in which his relative resided, Simon would have no very great difficulty in finding him out, seeing that he was a tailor, an excellent workman, and consequently *must be well known in London.*

It was not without pain that Hester saw him depart. Hitherto she had entertained rather a high opinion of her husband's sagacity. In her judgment he was not half so simple as the neighbors considered him. But as the time drew near her confidence abated, and she took a precaution which, however unusual in her ideas, might not be without its usefulness.

She caused the parish clerk to write Simon's name and address on a piece of parchment, with a request that, in the event of his losing his way, or anything occurring to him, he might be sent home, and all expenses should be paid.

This she stitched carefully on the back of his waistcoat, and gave him strict injunctions on no account to remove it. The old man promised, and the mind of his wife became partially at rest.

His leave of absence extended for a month.

The time had already elapsed. The weaver, faithful to the long-meditated design of his earlier years, had visited Lincoln, heard great "Tom," proceeded as far as Norwich, and listened to the renowned St. Peter's mancroff peal; made the acquaintance of the ringers, who, in honor of his appearance, had rung a triple bob-major, consisting of three thousand six hundred and seventy-five changes, the greatest honor Simon had ever received; indeed, in after years, he frequently boasted of it, and when exercising his craft with his companions in his native village, would frequently pronounce dogmatically upon any disputed point, by citing the authority of the Norwich ringers.

Hester had received only two letters since his departure, which said letters had been duly read to her friends and neighbors, and commented upon. Despite his utmost endeavors and patient inquiries, he had obtained no intelligence of Lilly, but the remedy had answered—his mind seemed to have recovered its tone.

The brother-in-law of the London tailor was the only one amongst those who heard them who did not coincide in the opinion that Simon had displayed great prudence and cleverness on his journey, for, strange to say, he had neither been robbed in London, nor fallen into the hands of those who are only too anxious to exploit, as our French neighbors term it, the simplicity of the rustic visitor to the metropolis; perhaps that very simplicity had been his protection.

The farmer's judgment may be deemed rather hasty, when we state that he had no other foundation than the old man's not succeeding in discovering Edward Jones in London, *so plainly, too, as he had written the address.*

Faithful to his promise, the traveler returned to his village on the very day his leave of absence had expired, and, we need scarcely observe, was warmly welcomed by the simple inhabitants, who looked upon him with increased respect since he had seen strange places. They were never tired of listening to his descriptions, especially those of London, the size of St. Paul's, the traffic in the streets, and the number of carriages. More than one slily hinted that he used the traveler's time-honored privilege, when he asserted that there was more stone in St. Paul's than would build six halls as large as Sir Norman Boothroyd's, or a wall round Meldown Park.

It was evident that the journey had done Simon Gee a considerable amount of good. It had roused him from that dreamy state of sorrow which is far more dangerous than strong excitement and violent despair, simply because it is more lasting; and, having devoted two or three days to the gossiping natural to a return, the old man fell once more into the quiet creature of ordinary life: his shuttle might be heard all day by those who passed his cottage door. The loom was once more at work; and there was little doubt that the good wives of St. Faith's would soon cease to have cause to reproach him with delay in returning their homespun thread converted into good honest cloth.

In other words, the weaver was making up for lost time by working hard all day; and his industrious little wife, who had seen her purse diminished with regret, began to feel that, after all, the five pounds had been well laid out.

Had there been another weaver in the place, the result might have been different.

For many years Simon Gee had been accustomed, after a hard day's work, to pass an hour in the clean, well-sanded parlor of the "Boothroyd Arms." Formerly he had been only a listener; travel had made him one of the orators of the society. The clerk no longer pooh-pooh'd his opinions, but, like many other potentates, made an alliance with the enemy he at one time affected to despise, or at any rate to disregard.

We have seen a similar instance, only in a more exalted sphere, in our days.

The rustic coterie was assembled as usual. The party consisted of Mr. Minter and the parish clerk, Absalom Myers, Simon, the landlord of the house, and one or two farmers, yeomen and cotters—for there was very little distinction of rank in St. Faith's.

A report had been circulated that Sir Norman had let the Hall for three years to an exceedingly wealthy city merchat, a friend of Mr. Thornton's: and they were discussing the *pros* and *cons*—the probabilities and improbabilities of such being the case.

"The news be ower good to be true," observed one.

"It be some tyrannical, purse-proud upstart, like himself," said another.

A third suggested that such was not likely to be the character of a friend of Mr. Thornton's—a remark in which all agreed; for the county magistrate has increased in popularity since the fatal affair of New Year's eve; and there were even rumors of an intention of bringing him forward to represent the county, in the event of a general election taking place.

Anything to mark their abhorrence of their landlord.

"After all," said Mr. Minter, "it may be only a rumor. Sir Norman, in my opinion, is too proud to let the Hall to any one under the rank of a lord."

The parish clerk shook his head knowingly.

"What does ee mean, Absalom?" demanded several.

"That Farmer Minter be wrong for once."

"Well, that bean't often the case," ejaculated Simon Gee, who felt doubly grateful to his neighbor since the interest he had shown, and the steps he had so promptly taken, on the night of Lillian's disappearance.

All agreed to this; but requested the clerk to explain himself. No doubt he had heard something from the rector, who, in the event of any change of residents at the Hall taking place, would be one of the first to know of it.

"Well," replied Absalom, drawing himself up complacently, for he felt flattered at having regained a portion, at least, of his former importance, "the fact is that Meldown Park is let."

"Art thee sure?"

"Certain."

"To whom?"

"A very rich city gentleman," replied their informant, "named Bently. He might have been Lord Mayor of London, if he liked—I heard Mr. Thornton tell Dr. Poundtext so myself; but he refused—and sheriff as well."

Lord Mayor of London! The assertion was listened to with wonder; for in the minds of his hearers, after the crown, it was the greatest of all earthly dignities; in fact, it was a question with them whether, in the city of London, it was not something greater—a belief very generally entertained, we believe, by those who have the honor of being born within the sound of Bow-bells.

"I wonder if the gentleman is to have the Home Farm as well," observed Mr. Minter.

This was a point on which the parish clerk, who certainly was in vein that evening, could also gratify the curiosity of his hearers. "Such had been the arrangement of the affair at first, but a very unexpected obstacle had altered it."

"An obstacle!" exclaimed several.

"Yes: the steward refused to give it up."

"Refused!" repeated Simon Gee, with unfeigned astonishment; "why, it is not his. Sir Norman has never granted a lease of it."

"No."

"How can Silex refuse to give it up, then?"

"Those who can explain why his master has kept him as steward so many years after he became incapable of attending to the property, must tell you that," observed Absalom, knowingly; "we all know that the old man can twine the baronet round his finger."

"Ay, and untwine him too," added several.

"Make him do as he pleases."

"That be right," added the landlord of the house. "Sir Norman and his lady had both promised my cousin, who married Fletcher's daughter, the house and few acres of land which lie between the South Lodge and the common. Lawyer Marshall had received orders to draw out the lease—he told me so himself—when Mr. Silex stopped it, and let the place to Harry Turner, who had greased his palm for his good word."

At this there was a cry of shame; and many speculations were hazarded as to the probable cause of the old man's unbounded influence over a mind naturally so self-willed and despotic as their landlord's.

One suggested one thing and another another; but all agreed that it could arise from no good—that the steward possessed some hold over his master which the latter dared not brave.

"He is a bad man," exclaimed one of the company, raising his glass of ale to his lips. "Here's confusion to the steward, Mr. Silex!"

The toast was drunk with a laugh, mingled with loud shouts of applause. Before they had subsided, the door of the little parlor opened, and a man, wrapped up in a heavy top-coat, made his appearance. The first impression was that it was the subject of their conversation himself, so striking was the resemblance.

"Talk of the devil—and you know the rest," whispered the master of the house, who was the last to perceive the mistake.

"It bean't he."

"It be uncommon loik."

Such were the observations of his friends.

Meanwhile the stranger—who was no other than the steward's twin brother, the returned convict—deliberately folded up his coat, hung up his hat upon a peg, and took a seat, which happened to be disengaged, nearest the fire. An awkward pause had followed his entrance into the room; the speakers being too simple-minded to conceal their embarrassment.

"A cold night," observed Mike.

"Very," said the landlord.

"I have arranged with the landlady to pass the night here; but don't let me disturb you, gentlemen. I shall only take one glass, and warm myself by the fire, before I retire to my room."

All the party assembled in the parlor assured the speaker that they were not in the least disturbed by his presence; that the parlor was a public one, open to him as well as themselves, and that they had only been talking about the weather and local matters.

The stranger smiled and called for a glass of gin-and-water; he knew exactly how much credit to give to these assertions, for he had overheard a portion of their conversation by listening a few instants at the door before he entered.

The likeness between Mike and the steward was too apparent to escape observation; in fact it might be considered extraordinary. The same long, spare body, thin legs, small head. The only difference was in the teeth; the shark-like set of Andrew's were wanting.

"You are no stranger in these parts, I presume?" observed Mr. Minter, addressing him.

"Never here before," was the reply.

"Indeed!"

"Or heard of the name of the place till the other day."

This appeared still more remarkable, but as the speaker could have no ostensible reason, as his hearers supposed, for denying his knowledge of St. Faith's, they believed him, and felt somewhat more at their ease respecting him.

Mike noticed that every eye was fixed upon him, and if he only turned his head or glanced aside, winks and mutual signs of intelligence were interchanged. At first he felt somewhat annoyed—the reason of the company's extraordinary conduct did not strike him.

"You don't receive many strangers in this place, I suppose?" he muttered.

"Not many."

"I thought not."

"Why so?"

"Because you stare at them so hardly," replied the returned convict. "I have traveled a great deal in my time both in England and the colonies," he added, "but never experienced such a reception in any house of entertainment I might drop in. But it is Devonshire fashion, I suppose," he added, with a sneer. "I always heard that it was a hundred years behind the rest of the country, and now I am convinced that it is so. Your health, gentlemen, and better manners to you, each and all of you."

Strange to say, this address, which, under other circumstances, might have called forth anything but an agreeable reply, was exceedingly well received. It broke the spell of reserve, and raised a laugh which each felt disposed to join in. How could they feel angry, when each felt that the speaker had cause to complain of the peculiar manner in which his appearance had been received amongst them.

"You are right, quite right," replied Farmer Minter. "But neither the landlord nor any of my friends here meant any offence. The fact is, we were speaking of a person who is well known amongst us when you dropped in."

"What has that to do with me?" demanded Mike.

"Only that you resemble him as close as one pea does another," said the farmer. "In fact we took you for him at first—didn't we?"

The question was followed by a general assent.

"May I ask the gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Silex."

"What is he?"

"Steward to Sir Norman Boothroyd, the lord of the manor, and owner of Meldown Park and the adjoining property."

"Ah! very likely," ejaculated Mike; "but I never heard either of him or his master before, that I am aware of."

We need not remind our readers that this was a falsehood, but truth was not one of the gentleman's virtues, whatever other qualities he might possess.

"You have raised my curiosity," added the speaker; "I should like to see the man whom you say is so very like me. No doubt but he is a good, honest fellow."

There was a general silence.

Mike repeated the observation.

The same result.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" he added.

The word had the desired effect; it released the tongues of the farmers.

"Afraid!" exclaimed several of them; "not a bit. If old Andrew Silex has any good in him, it has yet to be found out."

"Indeed!"

"The fact is, sir," said Mr. Minter, thinking that Mike was hurt by the comparison, "that the party in question does not bear the best reputation amongst us; and having said that we had better let the subject drop. You can have no right to feel offended; the resemblance we observed between you is only a personal one."

"Offended!" repeated the convict, with a chuckle. "Oh no! On the contrary, I am rather amused at it. I know I am no beauty; but foreign travel does wear a man sadly. And so this Mr. Silex—I think that is the name you called him by—is a sad rascal, is he?"

"A very sad one."

"Miserly, perhaps?"

"He'd skin a flint!" shouted one of the party. "Why, he hasn't bought a suit of clothes for these twenty years—wears all his late master's old ones."

"Is he rich?"

"Very."

"And revengeful?"

"Spiteful as a badger, and has teeth like one," answered the parish clerk, who, being in a perfectly independant position, to which the parishioners had elected him, did not hesitate to express his opinion. "It's my belief he would rob his own brother if he got the chance."

Mike grinned. It was long since he had come to the same conclusion.

"Well," he said, "I intend to remain here for a day or two. I am traveling for my health. Most probably I shall have an opportunity of seeing the person you describe. I am fond of strange characters. He will be quite a study to me."

"Remain here some days!" repeated the landlord.

"Yes."

"Where do you come from?"

"London. Devonshire, they say, is a very healthy place, and I think so. It may be fancy, but I feel as if I were better already."

On hearing that the gentleman came from London, Simon Gee, whose *amour propre* had been slightly piqued more than once by the doubts the parish clerk had expressed of his veracity, appealed to him to confirm some of his statements, especially the one respecting the size of St. Paul's, and the number of passengers, the vast amount of traffic, &c., &c., in the streets.

The stranger did so; and this naturally led the old man to relate the cause of his visit to the metropolis, and the fruitless result.

"Lost a child!" exclaimed the astonished Mike.

"Yes."

"What was her name?"

"Lillian," replied the weaver, "but we used to call her Lilly."

"Better and better," thought Mike; "I shall learn all I am anxious to learn here. Two birds with one stone. Clever as Andrew thinks himself, he will find that I have outwitted him."

And the ruffian chuckled with delight.

"Come, Simon," exclaimed Mr. Minter, who thought the stranger was pushing his curiosity rather further than the shortness of the acquaintance justified; "it will soon be time to be jogging. But before we separate we must have the old song."

There was a general cry for the "Bell."

In addition to his many other accomplishments, Simon Gee could sing. As a matter of course, the subjects of his songs were generally taken from his favorite art, or in some way connected with it. The one now called for had long been known in St. Faith's by the name of Simon's song; and the old man, after the usual display of modesty—the fear of having a cold, or not being quite in tune—sang the following ballad, to a simple, easy air:

THE BELL-RINGER'S SONG.

The old church bell, how it booms from the tower,
Sullen and sad as the lone midnight hour,
Life's change it has marked on the dial of time,
From infancy's years to manhood's wild prime.
And now that my thin locks are whitened by age,
And time in life's volume has reached the last page;
Still the old church bell with a moral divine,
As it booms from the tower, it marks my decline.

And sad were its tones as, torn from my heart,
One by one I beheld all life's treasures depart;
Wife, children, and friends it has tolled to the grave—
I but linger a wreck on humanity's wave.
But time as it rolls shall reach the glad shore,
Where each tempest of passion and feeling is o'er;
Where the old church bell bids my steps cease to roam,
As it booms from the tower to welcome me home.

"Bravo!" cried Mike, at the termination of Simon's song; "it was rather a plaintive strain. I should have preferred something a little merrier."

"No doubt, sir," replied the bell-ringer, "but my thoughts are not very merry ones just now, so you must excuse me."

The party was soon after broken up, and the stranger retired to his room, after directing the landlord to call him at an early hour the following morning.

On their way home, Minter and Simon naturally exchanged observations of the extraordinary resemblance between Mr. Silex the steward and the new guest at the Boothroyd Arms. The weaver, who was one of the most unsuspicious persons in the world, regarded it merely as an accidental likeness, a caprice of nature; not so the former, who expressed himself of a different opinion.

"Can't make it out," he said, "but blood is thicker than water, and if Andrew Silex had ever had a brother——"

"Ever had a brother," interrupted the little weaver. "Why, didn't you know that the steward had a brother?"

"Never heard a word of it till this moment," replied the astonished farmer.

"Oh yes. But you were a boy at the time that Mr. Silex first came to these parts, or you must have recollected the quarrel between him and Sanders, the late baronet's head groom, who threw it into his teeth that his own brother had been transported."

"This, then, is the man!" exclaimed his hearer. "I thought there must be something more than accident in such a likeness."

"But the gentleman said he had never heard of the name before," observed the bell-ringer.

"Pshaw!" said the more experienced farmer, "a lie would cost him nothing. My curiosity is roused. I'll keep an eye upon him: mark my words, but we shall hear of his visit to the Home Farm soon."

Here the speakers separated.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

TO A RICH YOUNG WIDOW.

will not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key—
Those silent *notes* of thine are such
As quite suffice for me.
I'll make no question if thy skill
The pencil comprehends,
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw thy dividends!

THE MERCIFUL FIND MERCY.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"Oh! Henry, is it *thus* you reward me for all these years of patient love and undoubting faith in you? Are you serious in saying that for a fairer, younger, and more wealthy bride you will forsake the chosen of your youth? Tell me—oh! do tell me—that this is only a horrid dream; that you are not so false, so merciless!"

Thus cried, with passionate gestures, and agonized features, a young woman to a man several years her senior, who stood regarding her with a cool, determined look. Not a muscle of his face moved—not a nerve of his heart trembled—as she made her passionate appeal. His face was not easily discomposed, and his heart was as adamant. The glance of his cold, blue eye grew more steely still, and a disagreeable smile drew back the corners of his lips, as he replied:

"You seem strangely to forget your womanly pride, Agnes. Once I wouldn't have thought of *you* as one who could stoop to insist that any man should marry her."

The blood which had forsaken the girl's face, and gathered suffocatingly about her tortured heart, now rushed in a hot flood back, turning her scarlet to the very hair. She started from her crushed and heart-broken position, and with eyes flashing indignation and scorn, said:

"Nor do I now! Go from this house, Henry Howard! I thank you for disclosing to me so clearly the dragon's foot, and the abject soul which, many a time, I have had cause to fear might be yours. Go! I say. Why do you tarry? I would not marry you were you to offer me a crown! Do you linger in order to say what shall help me to bear losing you? Kind sir! but be sure that further words are unnecessary. You have said what will be *sufficient* to support me. My heart will not break. Begone!"

But it was not *thus* that the false lover wished to go. He was utterly confounded at the mine his insulting words had sprung. Was this his meek and gentle Agnes? Was he to be thus turned from the house out of which he had expected hardly to be able to draw himself for her clinging arms, her prayers, and sobs, and tears. Ah! sweet gentleman—it is proverbial that "still waters run deep." You had better depart.

Human nature is a strange thing. As well as he could love any one but himself, Howard had loved Agnes; and now that he saw her in so unnatural a mood, he began to dislike to have her hate him. He had not thought her capable of so resenting anything he could say or do. His mean soul *was* a little shaken; and in a very different manner he now confronted his companion.

"But, Agnes," he began. She pointed to the door, turned suddenly upon her heel, and left the room.

* * * * * *

"Please, sir, *do* let me sit a little while. This bundle is so heavy, and I am not well. I won't do any harm here."

It was a poor, ragged child who spoke to the rich merchant, as he paused to order her from his marble steps.

"Clear out! I can't help it if you are tired. Can't have my steps cluttered up with beggars and their bundles. Off with you!"

The child rose feebly, and tottered away; and the rich Mr. Howard entered his elegant mansion—his by his wife, the handsome young heiress, for whom he left Agnes.

* * * * * *

"We have been able to get but very little work, sir; and, besides, we have all been sick for the last few weeks. If you would but give us a little more time, we would try hard to pay."

"The money or the house, by noon to-morrow!" was the hard reply.

"Oh! sir, consider my poor son! He is too sick to be removed. It will cost his life! Will you not have some mercy upon us? You are a rich man, it is true; but you may need mercy yourself yet. Give us one week more."

"The money or the house!" said Howard, as he moved away.

* * * * * *

"Have mercy on me, sir! Oh! in the name of God, have mercy. It was for my wife and her young baby, but it will kill her. Do not expose me! I will work it out. I never did such a thing before; and it was only five dollars to buy wine and things that she could eat, for my poor, feeble Mary. Have mercy! have mercy! or God will be merciless to you."

"Have done with this outcry. You are a thief, and I shall not stand between you and justice. Officers, do your duty!"

And Mr. Howard quietly returned to his accounts. Strange that no thought of the account that was running up against *himself* ever entered his head.

* * * * * *

"Oh! uncle, do not send me forth into the storm to die. Have some pity! I make no excuse; but remember that the Lord was merciful even to one like me. For His sake let me stay till this storm is over. I cannot—I cannot go out into the street this night!"

"We shall see if you cannot, my lady. Have you tied up your things, or do you choose to go without them? Come, make haste. You may take that handkerchief full of clothes if you'll be quick; but tramp you shall within fifteen minutes. And mind you never let me see your face again."

"Uncle! uncle! for my mother's sake let me remain."

"Your mother's sake! My sister was a decent woman, and for her sake I will turn such a baggage as you are out of doors. Hurry, will you!"

* * * * * *

"Not *this* month's wages, yer honor? Oh! not this month's wages, for me mother is sick, and wants it every cent. Och, yer honor, ye wouldn't be keeping back this month's wages, when it might cost me mother's life!"

The steel in Howard's eyes never softened as he sternly replied—

"Yes—this month's wages, girl. They are already due; and we are therefore sure of our pay for all that you have so carelessly smashed. You would very likely walk off rather than pay for them were I to hand you the wages for the month just closing. You Irish are always ready with a story. Your mothers and cousins come amazingly handy. Hush! I won't hear a word. Down stairs with you. I want to read in peace."

The old mother was turned from her cabin, and, in consequence, she soon died. The young niece—who staked her all upon man's truth, and lost—went, in her hour of agony, forth into the storm, and in the darkness she and her child both perished—God only knows with how long or how short a struggle. The young clerk was shut within a prison; and the shock of hearing this, and what it was for, was more than his poor, pale young wife could bear: misery and despair broke her heart; and before her husband was set free, she was hid from his sight in the grave.

The poor family—one of whom Mr. Howard ordered from his steps the day he turned them all into the street—found a rude shelter in the shed of a neighbor, and there the sick son breathed his last, amid the silent and hopeless sorrow of his family.

Agnes—whose heart he wrung most bitterly, and whose self-respect he outraged—was the only one benefited by his cruelty. It *was* a mercy to her, for it saved her from the curse of becoming his wife; and she afterwards married *a man.*

* * * * * *

"Mercy! mercy! mercy! Oh, God! oh, God! have mercy!" The shriek of the dying man rang fearfully through all that lofty dwelling.

The children in the nursery heard the cry, and clung together in terror. The servants in the basement heard it, and superstitious dread seized on their hearts. His wife by his bedside heard it, and with blanched cheek, and trembling lips, strove to calm the sufferer.

"Shall I not send for the minister," she said.

"No! no! he can do me no good. Only one can do me good, and he—— 'Therefore I will laugh at *your* calamity, and laugh when *your* fear cometh!'" yelled the wretched being; and then he asked, in a frenzied manner, why his wife allowed his outcast niece to come and scream such awful things into his ears.

"No one is here, my dear husband. Why will you not let me read to you something from the Bible? I am sure you need not be so distressed. You have always been such a just man; and so particular about going to church, and paying your part of all expenses; and then you know that God is so merciful."

"Yes, yes—'To *the merciful* I will show myself merciful!' But I—— 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall mock!'" again he shrieked; and then, writhing and twisting as if in utmost pain, he besought his wife to turn out the wife of his clerk, who had repeated this passage to terrify him; and to drive away all the people that Agnes was leading into the room, and beckoning to surround his bed.

"I cannot see beyond them! She makes them bend over me so that my prayers cannot rise! Oh! I am going, and He has not heard my cry. They hold it down! It does not reach Him! Oh, mercy! mercy! mercy!"

He sprang to his feet, and tossed his arms on high. Horror, despair, and the extremity of fear and wo sat on the features never stamped with sympathy or moved by pity for another's sorrow. Falling forward upon his face, with one loud groan, the man that was *not* merciful went forth to meet his doom!

We may not judge the dead; but *who* would die the death of the merciless?

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Satisfied! What a word is that! Did you ever try to sound it with the line of your desires? If you tried could you ever find bottom? If you essayed to measure it could you ever find any shore? No, no, you could not. There is no thought or wish that can measure it—no yearning that can sound its depth of meaning. The young who have not yet known it, wonder what is that mysterious joy of love requited; and when the experience thrills upon them they can hardly endure the blessedness of having this *one* longing satisfied—they are afraid to believe in their own happiness. They seem to bathe and revel in an ocean of delight; and this all because in regard to one need of the soul, and for (alas! too often) a little time they are satisfied. But oh! the satisfaction that is universal and eternal, that shall leave nothing in quantity, quality, or duration, to be desired, what can it be? From that one word shines forth such peaceful glory as gilds and sometimes annihilates this world's unrest. Few indeed there are who reach middle life without having felt, with sinking soul, how utterly unable are all the blessings of this world to satisfy the cravings of the immortal mind. How many are there who have never sat down purposely to examine into the wants of their own heart, only to discover there was not a single state or situation of which they could think (and which they would have a right to enjoy if they were able,) that presented to them a warranted peace? It is true that to persons in such hours of self-questioning there comes often some soft, winning vision at which they have no business to look, and which says to them, "*Here*, and here *only* then is what could ensure your happiness;" but only because it is forbidden does it seem enchantingly and altogether fair. Were it lawful for them it would become at once, like other pleasures, unsatisfying. But we can bear all this insufficiency of the present supply of our needs, when we remember that at last we shall be satisfied, and with a largeness and bounty so overwhelming that now we cannot even conceive of it. There is no right longing made to go unfulfilled. A pure longing in the soul is *God's promise;* and He will not forget or fail to make it good, and that where what we wish for will no more be given soon to be sent away or left, because we must lie down with faces "covered."

The world is full of pleasures and sweet joys that we are not permitted to share; and we are tempted of the devil every day to taste forbidden fruit; and often we go mourning and bowed down heavily, because the things most dear and charming to our hearts *must* be denied. But there is power to make it easy to resist temptation, and to walk through life a pauper in all its delights, in the assurance which we have that all that is really good for us in every lovely and coveted pleasure, both of the spiritual and the natural realm, we shall find infinitely augmented in Him who is the source of all beauty, happiness, and love—if "we awake in His likeness."

A. H.

ANIMAL POISONS.

The venom of the bee and the wasp has a liquid contained in a small vesicle, forced through the hollow tube of the sting into the wound inflicted by that instrument. From the experiments of Fontana, we learn that it bears a striking resemblance to the poison of the viper. That of the bee is much longer in drying when exposed to the air than the venom of the wasp. The sting of the bee should be immediately extricated; and the best application is opium and olive oil; one dram of the former finely powdered, and rubbed down with one ounce of the latter, and applied to the parts affected by means of lint, which should be frequently renewed. From the rapidity with which these animals destroy their prey, and even one another, we cannot doubt that their poison is sufficiently virulent. Soft poultices of fresh flesh, bread and milk, or in the absence of these, even mud, are excellent applications to the sting of insects, and even the bites of the most venemous snakes. The specifics recommended in such cases for internal use, are not to be compared in efficiency with the timely application of a poultice of the flesh of a chicken or other animal recently killed. The flesh of the rattlesnake itself is in some parts of America reckoned to possess specific virtues, and doubtless will answer nearly, if not quite as well, as any other good soft and moist poultice, which will seldom fail to effect a cure when promptly applied and frequently renewed. In this way the irritation and inflammation induced by the poison in the part bitten, is often arrested and prevented from extending to vital parts. These conclusions are the results of experiments made with the poison of the rattlesnake, in which the most celebrated Indian and other specifics were used with little or no advantage.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage toward a sister or daughter, pray cease to teach benificence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door—then with your next neighbor, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give the dollar. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or tear, will do it, give the look, smile, hand, or tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.

PLEASURE, BORN OF PAIN.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

"There is a pleasure born of pain
When all its outward signs depart,—
A triumph, when the steadfast brain
Floats calmly o'er the struggling heart.

By slow degrees this pleasure came
Just as a little rill of rain
Flows slowly o'er a level plain
Before it earns itself a name.

When Hope had folded up her wings,
And Sorrow had me by the hand
To lead me to the Tearful Land
Where Memory in secret stings,—

When Pain had license to bestow
Her malison upon my heart,
And I had borne my bitter part,
And tasted of the fruit of wo,—

When suffering with sore defeat,
And wounded by the shafts of Shame,
I sought to hide my guilty name,
And gathered ashes round my feet,—

Then, then it was, just when the night
Was darkest, that there came to me
The first wave of that endless sea
Whose waters give a calm delight.

There was a pleasure for my pain,
There was a triumph in defeat,
The bitter slowly changed to sweet;
And Reason was enthroned again.

Above the breakers of my heart
A calmness floated, such as gives
A strength to him who truly lives
And firmly acts his little part.

The pain—the struggle—were not long
I heeded not their transient power,
For in that short and bitter hour
I learned to "suffer and be strong."

THE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

You should have known Nellie Clark. She was one of the prettiest, sweetest, and most loving girls in the whole village. Yet there were those who said she was very far from being handsome or engaging. Mrs. Longpurse, who had three very plain, but very marriageable daughters, of uncertain age, solemnly declared that Nellie was a plain, uneducated, pretending miss. And the widow Redand Whitepaint, whose only daughter had lost a host of lovers, gave it as her fixed opinion that poor Nellie was a *very* ordinary girl; while Mrs. Veripious, who spoke so much in meeting, had been heard to whisper, in a sort of sorrowing way, that young Miiss Clark wasn't any better than she ought to be. Nellie knew all this, but she laughed as blithely as ever, and seemed not to lose a particle of her joy.

Perhaps, however, Nellie had heard what some other people had said. For instance: there was the widow Meekly, who had been laid up with the rheumatics for many years. She said that Nellie's presence had done her more good than all the medicine in the world. And then Mrs. Thankful, whose little boy had such a bad hip-complaint that he could not walk, often said, with tears in her eyes, that Nellie was an angel. How could her poor lame boy have gone to school all winter if Nellie hadn't dragged him on her sled? Yes—Nellie knew all this, too; and while the cold winds of calumny were shut wholly out, the warm sunshine of the love she earned penetrated to her soul.

But Nellie Clark was poor in worldly goods. Her father had been dead many years, and she and her widowed mother lived all alone in the little dark cot, by the edge of the wood, supporting themselves by such honest labor as they could obtain.

Of course such a girl as Nellie must have had lovers, though she had not many; for she was only eighteen, and had not been old enough to think of such love a great while. But there were only two whose attentions she could like. The first was Augustus Waxford, and the second was Roland Gilson. They were both born in the town, though they moved in different spheres now. Waxford had studied law, and just commenced practice in his native village, while Gilson had learned the joiner's trade, and could only work at building houses.

Somehow Nellie fancied Waxford most. His manners were so pleasing, and his conversation so entertaining; and then he was handsome, and always looked so neat and prim. And we will not say that Nellie Clark, in her pure innocence, did not sometimes fancy that 'twould be more agreeable and fashionable to be a lawyer's wife than the wife of a mere mechanic. But, be that as it may, she finally preferred Augustus Waxford, and was forced to tell Roland that he must love her only as an old playmate and a friend; and when Roland had gone away from the cot, and she saw him leaning against the old gate-post in the moonlight, and knew that he was sobbing, she went into her bedroom and wept an hour.

Away in the deep wood, half a mile from Nellie's dwelling, there was a little old hut, in which lived a little old man, whose name was Aaron Perry. He had lived there a dozen years, and all that people knew about him was, that he lived very poorly; went meanly clad; and seemed to have no friends. He came to the village sometimes to sell berries which he had picked, and once in a while he bought a little tea and sugar. He was a curious-looking man, being over eighty years of age; small and bent; with long, white hair and beard, hanging low upon his back and breast; and always walking with a long, stout staff. He was known as the Old Man of the Wood, and many people who knew him well knew him by no other name. Where he came from was a mystery, as he would never give any information upon the subject.

One day Nellie thought to herself that she had not seen the old man pass her cot for some time, and she wondered why it could be. He had to go by there on his way out from the wood, and it had been his custom to stop there and rest. Something must be the matter, for it was early spring, and the weather was very pleasant; so she resolved to go and see at once.

When Nellie reached the hut, she found the old man sitting in his chair, with his brow upon his hands. He seemed to be very weak, but a new light gleamed upon his face as he saw the sweet look of his fair visitor.

"Why, Uncle Aaron—what is the matter?" she asked, sinking upon her knees before him, and taking both his hands in her own. She looked so earnestly, and so tender, and so loving, that the old man's lips trembled for some moments before he could answer.

"I have been quite sick," he finally said.

"Sick! And who has taken care of you?"

"Nobody."

"What! sick all alone?" cried Nellie, with emotion. "Oh—why didn't I think before? I ought to have known that something was the matter. But you shan't be sick so any more, for I will come every morning and every evening, and take care of you."

"But I cannot pay you, my dear child," he said, gazing into her face with a sort of bewildered look.

"You are naughty to talk so, sir," she returned. "Mercy on me, what should I be good for if I couldn't help people that needed it?"

"But then you ought to have some pay, child." And as Aaron spoke he looked very sharply out of his little gray eyes upon the lovely presence.

"And don't I have pay, sir? Isn't one word of gratitude from a true heart worth more than money? If you had money I'd hire somebody to come and take care of you; but as you haven't got any I'll do it myself. So cheer up, and let me be your nurse."

Nellie would hear no more argument, but went at work as soon as possible to make the old man comfortable. She made him some tea, and fixed up matters as best she could, and finally took her leave. In the evening she came again—and again in the morning.

In a few weeks the Old Man of the Wood could walk out, but it was only by leaning upon Nellie's arm. She had become necessary to his very life, and the only regret he ever expressed was that he could not repay her.

"Very well, sir," she would say, "bring on your money, and I'll take it and hire a nurse for you, and turn my attention elsewhere; for there are plenty that need nursing who have no money."

One evening, away into the summer-time, old Aaron called Nellie to his side, and bade her sit down. Then he took a silver snuff-box from his pocket, and patted it with his finger. It was old, and much worn, and quite large, and seemed to have been once elaborately engraved, though but little of the graver's work could be seen now.

"Listen to me, child," he said, "and be very attentive, for I am going to tell you something about this old silver box."

Nellie knew by the old man's look that he was going to tell her something of importance. So she drew her stool close up before him, and gave him her whole attention.

"I think a great deal of this old thing," he said, patting the box familiarly. "My father gave it to me on his dying bed. It was given to him by a soldier, whom he nursed in the woods after a hard battle. So, you see, it is a sort of a memento of good—a kind of pledge of gratitude. Well—when my father died, I was left all alone. My mother had died before, and I never had any brothers or sisters, nor did my father ever have any; but my mother had a sister—a young sister, who has since been married. However, this young aunt did'nt have a home of her own then, and I was thrown out upon the world. I went to sea, and visited foreign countries. I had very good fortune, and then I had very bad fortune. I grew old, and had no friends. I thought of my aunt—the only relative I had, and I went to her. She was in a comfortable home, and had a wealthy husband; but she did not wish to know her poor relative. She said she could not be bothered with me; and I left. Finally I found this old hut, and here I determined to spend the rest of my days. I had become sick of the world—of its heartlessness and falsehood—and I wanted to leave it. I had vowed that I would give this old box to the truest friend I ever had; but for a long time I feared I should have to bury it in the ground. However, I shan't have to bury it now. I shall give it to you, my sweet child; and I know you will keep it as a slight token of my love and gratitude. I can't live long, and when I am dead and gone this must be yours."

Nellie was deeply affected, and said she hoped he would live a long while yet; but still she promised to accept the box, and assured the old man that she should prize it very highly.

"Where do you go so often into the wood?" asked Augustus Waxford, as he sat one evening by Nellie's side.

"Oh—I have a patient there," she replied—"poor old Uncle Aaron. He has been very sick. You must go with me sometimes and see him."

"What! Me go? No, no, Nellie—I'm in better business than that. And I wish you wouldn't go so much."

"Not go, Augustus?" uttered the maiden, in surprise. "And why not?"

"Because there's no need of it. It don't look well."

"But he had no other friend in the world. He might die if I didn't care for him."

"Then let the town care for him."

"But he won't go to the town for help."

"Then let him go without help. Zounds! if we are to nurse up and wait upon every poor beggar that happens to fall sick, we should have our hands full."

Nellie felt as though she had seen a serpent coiled up in her companion's bosom, and she could not avoid the shudder that crept over her. She managed to change the conversation, but she could not feel easy; and when Augustus went away she could not for the life of her smile, as had been her wont.

Ere long Nellie was told that her lawyer had been visiting at the great brick house of Mrs. Longpurse; and in a little while afterward she met Augustus in the street, with Octavia and Cleopatra Longpurse upon his arms. He did not bow to her—he did not seem to know her. Nellie went home, but she did not cry. She reasoned and philosophized awhile, and then put on her hood and started for the old cot in the wood.

When the maiden entered the hut, whom should she find there but Roland Gilson. He had come to nail up some of the chinks upon the roof through which the rain could drip, and had just completed his work. Before anything could be said beyond a mere salutation, a boy came in, short-breathed and flurried, with a letter in his hand.

"Here," said he, as he handed the missive to Nellie; "the young 'Squire gave it to me, and told me to be sure and put it in your hands. I went to your house, and you'd just gone, so I followed on. Hope I've done right, Miss Nellie."

Nellie said, "certainly;" and as soon as the boy had gone she opened the note and read it. It was as follows:

"MISS NELLIE CLARK—I am obliged to request that henceforth you will consider all engagements which have heretofore existed between us at an end. I do not think we should ever live happily as man and wife. Our stations are different, and our tastes are different. I hope you will see this in the same light with myself. While I trust that you will not object to my seeking an alliance suited to my position in society, I hope that you may be happy with some one better suited to you.

With sentiments of profound regard, I remain your friend and well-wisher. AUGUSUS WAXFORD."

A tear started to Nellie's eye, but she dashed it quickly away; and then, with her pretty lips tightly compressed, she deliberately tore the letter into a hundred pieces, and cast them from her.

"What's the matter?" the old man asked.

"Augustus Waxford has found a richer woman for a wife than I am," she calmly replied, "and he hopes—no, he *requests* me to consider all engagements between us at an end. He says he is going to marry some one nearer his own station, and he hopes I may do the same."

Roland Gilson started up from his seat, and went and looked out through the little square window.

"Are you very sorry?" the invalid asked.

"No—I am very glad. I knew a long while ago that we were not suited to each other. I have been very foolish. I ought to have known that he was above me in station."

"Yes—so he is," replied the old man, with a slight twitching of the face, "as a boy is above his class when he stands on the desk, with a fool's cap upon his head. But—here—let me whisper in your ear: When I talked to Roland about you, he cried. *He* isn't above you in station. What? crying? Well, I declare. But—never mind. I see, I see, I see. You'll take Roland with the old snuff-box, won't ye?"

It was near dark when Nellie went home, and of course Roland walked with her. They said but little, and even that was concerning the Old Man of the Wood. But they walked often together along the narrow path after that, and Nellie began to feel happier than ever before.

One day Augustus Waxford, Esquire, was married to Miss Octavia Longpurse. All the aristocracy of the town were present at the interesting ceremony, and the thing was done up in fashionable style. The thirty-odd years (Mrs. Redand Whitepaint said over forty) of the bride were partially hidden by paint and curls, and she would have looked very interesting if she hadn't possessed such a tenacious faculty of looking almost everything else.

And at the very time when the wedding guests were assembling at the great brick house Roland and Nellie were walking home from the old hut in the wood. Roland had asked the question which he asked once before, and Nellie answered him with tears and smiles—not such tears as were shed in the time agone; but happy, joyous ones, which were quickly kissed away as the vows were sealed.

In the early morning, when Autumn had come, Nellie stood alone by the bedside of the Old Man of the Wood. The invalid's breath came slowly and heavily, and his eye had grown very dim.

"Here is the box," he whispered, drawing the old silver memento from beneath the coverlid, and handing it to his fair nurse. "Take it and keep it in memory of me. You know why I give it to you. Guard it sacredly, for it is a trust which I put into your hands."

With a trembling hand Nellie took the box and put it in her bosom, but before she could make any reply the old man was seized with a sudden convulsion, and seemed to be in deep pain. At that moment the doctor, whom Nellie had sent for, entered the hut.

"It is all over!" he whispered, after he had felt the old man's pulse awhile.

"And must he die?"

"He is dead now, my child."

Nellie could hardly believe it, but when she saw how still he lay, and how dull his eyes had grown, and that the breath was hushed, she knew that her charge had passed into better hands. The old man had died almost as he ceased speaking.

The doctor promised to send help, and Nellie waited there all alone with the dead until it came. Then she saw all done that could be done, and when night came she left watchers with the body.

Aaron Perry was buried in the village churchyard, and though few followed his mortal remains to their final rest, yet warm tears were shed upon his grave.

"Roland," said Nellie, after they had been married a week, and had fully entered upon the happiness they so well deserved, "see what I found in the silver snuff-box old Uncle Aaron gave me." And she handed him a slip of paper upon which was written, in a tremulous, scrawling hand—

"I could not use this, though it is the result of years of toil and hardship. I had hoped to spend it with my aunt, but she turned me from her. I give it to you because you are the dearest friend I have to leave behind me, and the first who has shown disinterested love for me since my father died. AARON PERRY."

"But what does he mean?" asked Roland, after he had read the note.

"Here it is. I found this neatly rolled up in the box with it. I confess I can hardly understand it."

Nellie handed to her husband a small, paper-covered book as she spoke, and when he opened it he found it to be a Savings-Bank book, and within was a certificate of deposit of forty-nine thousand and some odd dollars. It was in the name of Nellie Clark.

For a long time the young couple puzzled over the strange book in perfect wonderment; but finally it was arranged that they should both go to the bank on the following day and find out what it meant. So early the next morning Roland brought a wagon to the door, and he and Nellie rode off. The bank was nearly twenty miles distant, and they reached it in season to do their business before dinner.

The mystery was very soon cleared up. From the officers of the bank they learned that nearly twelve years before, Aaron Perry deposited with them over twenty thousand dollars, and that it had remained untouched since that time, and had now more than doubled. Also they learned that during the summer last past the old man had had the whole transferred to Nellie Clark.

"And is it all mine?" Nellie asked, in bewilderment.

"Yes," replied one of the officers. "It is all yours, to do with as you please. You can draw it all out immediately, or you can draw just such sums as you want, at such times as you please."

It was some days before the emotions of Nellie and her husband became calm enough for cool calculation. They were very happy and very grateful.

"But not a whit happier than before," said Roland, stealing a kiss.

"Only a new source of happiness," added Nellie, "from which others shall receive as well as we."

By-and-by Augustus Waxford, Esquire, opened his eyes to a most extraordinary pair of facts. The first was—He had married a shrew of an advanced age, whose wealth lay buried with her youth, she not possessing a hundred dollars in the world. The second was—The poor, lowly Nellie was worth fifty thousand dollars in her own right, and he had lost her all through his own foolishness.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he pondered upon the subject, "I wouldn't have been in this scrape if I'd known what that old man was made of."

Perhaps it was at the very same time that Nellie said to her husband—

"Oh—I'm so glad I didn't know that the Old Man of the Wood was rich, for if I had, I shouldn't have enjoyed all the care I bestowed upon him."

THE only real happiness consists in the practice of benevolence, and the only real glory is the admiration it excites.

HOW TO SETTLE HIM.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Thomas Ledyard was too rich to need to attend to business, and too lazy to desire to; therefore, he "retired," and, as a matter of course, became a nuisance to himself and to everybody else. This is what a man or a woman with "nothing to do" is almost certain to become, as has been often proved.

Mr. Ledyard had been a fair sort of man. His wife had thought herself a most fortunate woman when she awoke one morning, and found herself Mrs. Ledyard. Alas! poor lady, she didn't know how wealthy her husband would become, nor how early he would retire from business.

We all have cause to change our opinions many times during life, and Mrs. Ledyard now thought that it was possible that many other women were, to say the least, *as* fortunate as she was. Her husband grew more and more surly, meddlesome and captious, every day of his life. He was round the house and round the house and in the ladies' chamber, annoying visitors, tormenting his daughters, and abusing the servants from morning till night. He didn't really *mean* to be ugly and disagreeable—he was not aware that he *was* so; but, as his wife feelingly observed, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

The worthy woman bore on silently till her heart became too full to carry its burden any longer alone. Then she overflowed into the sympathizing bosom of a certain lady friend of hers, called Miriam.

"Oh! Miriam—Miriam, what shall I do with Mr. Ledyard? I don't know but what he will kill me, and everybody in the house. He is in everybody's way—hindering, pestering, and snubbing everybody—and keeping the house in constant distress. He shows himself so queer to visitors that I am greatly mortified, and the girls are nearly beside themselves with vexation and shame. A gentleman can't show one of our daughters the most common attention, but what her father will take it up, and call the man to account. Poor Hattie was fastening in a loose lining to Mr. Shaw's straw hat the other day, and her father coming in, became instantly angry, and asked her, in a tone so loud that Shaw heard and reddened painfully, if she expected to become that young gallant's wife. The girls say justly that they shall soon be entirely neglected, and become the laughing-stock of all the town, in consequence of the absurd conduct of their father. There is no possibility of keeping him out of the room when there is company, and he is always certain to annoy and offend some one. And to think that this man is the very same person that I was so proud and so glad to accept as my husband. How different are the realities of life from its imaginations!"

"True, Louise, I often think of my own girlish visions of matrimony, and contrast them with what the reality has been. *My* hero, whom I worshiped, has become a tired and sleepy boarder and lodger, who snores exceedingly; my bower of delight is a great house that is forever needing to be swept and dusted; the delightful occupations of domestic life have resolved themselves into seeing to servants, and waiting and tending on children. Ah! I used to fancy the sweet enjoyment of caressing the fair children of the husband of my love; I never thought of their dirty faces, their dirty clothes, their vicious little capers, biting and scratching when they ought to kiss; kicking, squalling, and looking shamefully homely, when company to whom you particularly desire them to recommend themselves comes in; and as to their mortal hatred of sleeping when they most need sleep, and are cross as X without it, I knew nothing at all of that. But this husband of yours—we must see to him; for there is no sense, nor any piety in living as you say you do, where it can be avoided."

"No, if it *can* be avoided."

"Well, my dear, it certainly can. Do you know that I would keep that man *asleep* three quarters of his time, if he were *my* husband?"

"Asleep! how?" exclaimed Mrs. L., in astonishment.

"Why, as my mother used to keep a wild brother of mine asleep. He used to be too fond of the theatre, &c., always wanted to be out nights, and mother, in desperation, went to the doctor, and after telling him her trouble, asked him if there was not some powerful but innocent sleeping potion that she could put into Marco's tea or coffee, and thus induce him to go to his bed, instead of out to places of amusement and dissipation. The doctor gave her something that she used for years on that boy, and he was never aware of it. He often wondered why he was so sure to grow sleepy at the very thought of the theatre, but finally concluded that home and bed were much more desirable than the finest play."

"You wouldn't serve *your* husband such a trick," said Mrs. Ledyard, hesitatingly.

"*My* husband! give *him* a sleeping potion! My dear Louise, you are out of your mind. I'd much rather give him a dose of laughing gas. He is too sleepy now to be any company for me. Besides, my dear, James never interferes with household matters, and never finds fault where it is not needed. He is good-natured to a fault."

Poor Mrs. Ledyard sighed.

"My husband's faults do not lie in that direction. I wish they did. But I'm afraid I might hurt him if I went to giving him things to make him sleep."

"Not if you give him the powder we used to use on Harry. Why, judge for yourself. Is there a more robust, quick-witted, business like man in town than that same brother of mine? He is a likely and prospering man, and all owing to that powder. You know the homœopathists give medicine for ugliness, now you try it, and see if you don't like the effect."

When Mrs. Ledyard approached her house that same forenoon, she saw one of her daughters coming to meet her bathed in tears, an open letter in her hand.

"What is it, my child?" asked the mother, in alarm, though she saw that there was no black seal upon the letter.

"Oh! ma, what shall I do? There is that gentleman that I told you boarded at my uncle's in the city, and who was so kind and attentive to me, coming this afternoon to L., and this evening he says he shall do himself the honor to visit me. Now, you know, when pa talks as he *does* to people, when they only come in from about town to see us girls, what will he say when this stranger comes so far to call on me? I am frightened to death. I want very much indeed to see this gentleman, but I'm sure I shall die if he is treated as others are who come here. What *shall* I do?"

"My dear, you must do the best you can. Perhaps something will occur to prevent the mortification you anticipate. At any rate, hope for the best, and cheer up to receive your visitor in a becoming manner."

But it fell out then, as it generally does, that it was a great deal easier *saying* "cheer up," than it was doing it, and Miss Vaginia was in a fair way to make herself entirely unfit to be seen before evening. In this distress Mrs. Ledyard's resolve was taken. She went to her daughter, and told her to stop her weeping directly, and to trust in her promise that no mortification should befall her in consequence of her father's behavior.

"How do you know, mother? *You* can't hinder him from doing and saying just whatever he has a mind to do and say, and you know he *never will* go out when anybody wants him to."

"Never mind, child; I have passed my word that you shall not be annoyed; now all that remains for you is to believe it, and to take all the pleasure you desire in the anticipation of seeing your friend from the city."

Vaginia thought this rather mysterious, but she had great confidence in the word of her beloved mother, and therefore was able to overcome her depression of spirits, and to appear at the tea table in her usual good looks. Mr. Ledyard was uncommonly fractious during all the repast, and the accustomed gloom settled over the family; but before long it was observed that the head of the head of the house appeared to be quite too heavy for his neck to support—in fact, Mr. Ledyard nodded several times most vigorously. He was astonished at his own sleepiness, and rebelled against it quite as determinedly as babies do when their cradle time comes. But our gentleman's efforts were attended with less success than often crowns *theirs*.

Every moment he was farther gone.

"Louise," he said, "seems to me I'm very tired and sleepy. I'm afraid I'm not quite well."

"Oh! I guess it's not that. You know you've been riding in the wind, and that's apt to make one sleepy. You look perfectly well, but *do* seem tired. Perhaps you'd better lie down a little while."

"No—I guess I can overcome this dullness. I want to make out all those bills this evening, and have the girls help me. Vaginia, go and bring down the books. I shall want you with me till ten o'clock."

Vaginia turned her dismayed face motherward. There was encouragement there. She arose to obey her father's command. Smash went something. She turned; her father had dropped his saucer, and it was in fragments on the floor. His head was bowed upon his breast. One desperate effort he made, and raised it for a moment.

"Louise, I think I will lie down a few moments."

His wife was instantly at his side. With the help of the girls, the sleepy gentleman was soon safe and comfortable in his bed.

"How funny!" cried the younger children.

"I wonder if he *is* sick?" questioned one anxiously.

"No—not in the least," was the mother's reply.

Vaginia said—"What can it mean?"

Her mother smiled, and looking expressively in her daughter's face, said—"You must ask no questions, my child. Enough that you are free from what you dreaded this forenoon."

Instead of being conscience-stricken as she looked upon her serenely sleeping spouse, Mrs. Ledyard felt such relief (only a thousand-fold more of it) as mothers do when, after long and weary efforts amid kicks and squalls innumerable, they have at last conquered, and the obstreperous babe lies at rest, snugly tucked in his cradle.

She felt her husband's pulse, his brow, and laid her hand upon his heart, to assure herself that all was right, and then she sat down beside him with her sowing, and "took comfort." She really *enjoyed* him, as she had not been able to do for long years.

He looked so peaceable, so gentle, as he slept, that it hardly seemed possible that he could be such an inveterate freter and snarler.

His wife sat beside him, and forgot all that; she went away back to the honeymoon, and evoked from the past the many joys that once were hers. And thus the sun went down, and the twilight gathered.

Meantime there was a jubilee in the house below. Sad, that the happiest time known to young, loving and innocent hearts, was a time when the father was absent, and could by no means come to view them.

Vaginia came softly to say that her visitor had come, and her mother went down with her to the parlor.

It was a happy evening to the young girl, for she felt, from her visitor's manner, that the interest he had inspired was not unnoticed or unvalued.

Mrs. Ledyard was pleased and happy too, for she liked the gentleman exceedingly, and had long known from her brother his excellent character and generous nature. How thankful she was that, on this his first visit to her dear child, he was not to be offended or insulted by her self-willed and ungracious husband.

Before he left the ladies, Mr. Blackstone remarked that he had hoped to make the acquaintance of Miss Vaginia's father at that time, and added, in a significant manner, that he expected to have some business with him at some period not far in the future.

What Mr. Blackstone meant by this, of course no one knew.

In the morning Mr. Ledyard was in a very mild, amiable way. Everybody wondered at him. He remarked confidentially to his wife that he hadn't felt so well for a long time; had been very nervous and unhappy in his mind, and he believed that he had got nearly worn out when that sleep was sent to restore him to strength and calmness.

"I needed it, you see, my dear, and nature knows when to apply her cures."

This was certainly very satisfactory.

What proved so good once was not likely to be forgotten in other times of need, and many were the timely naps which considerate "Nature" sent to Mr. Ledyard. Indeed, she got quite *in the habit* of the thing; so much so that the man began to understand that as soon as he became fretful and annoying to persons about him, he would soon be falling asleep, wherever he might be, or whatever he might be doing. And he invariably awoke better natured. At length he took the lesson (privately, for he never owned his convictions that "Nature" was thus schooling him) to heart so much, that he set out in good earnest to govern himself and to reform, and by the time that Vaginia was happily married to Mr. Blackstone, and one or two of his other daughters were upon the point of matrimony, he had become so agreeable when *awake*, that "Nature" didn't think best to be sending him to any further extra explorations of "Nod."

Gentle reader, *this is* a sketch founded on solid fact. Whether you judge those facts to be *proper* or not, one thing is certain, namely—any man (or any woman) who is nothing but a torment to all about him while awake, had better be kept *quietly sleeping*. Don't you think so?

FORGET injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

HAPPINESS is promised not to the learned, but to the good.

LIFE'S MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

A golden-colored sky—bright, sunny rays,
Falling upon a garden filled with flowers;
In which fair, laughing childhood gayly plays,
Chasing the fleeting minutes into hours,
While all around is gladness;
Pure, blushing blossoms still untouched with blight;
Bright leaves still bending 'neath the pearly dew
All prickly briars hidden from the sight;
All things around unfading, all things true;
Unknown the touch of sadness;
Such is Life's Morn!

A warmer glow the sky now wears—a sultry breeze
Is sighing through the groves and shady bowers,
Tinting with many hues the shrubs and trees;
The sparkling dew has vanished—and the flowers
Are slowly dying.
A leaf falls here and there—a thorn is seen,
Content, with trust and childhood, pass away
Ambition glides upon the altered scene,
And Avarice asserts her powerful sway,
All rule defying.
Such is Life's Noon.

Dark clouds are banishing the lingering light,
And throwing all around a heavy gloom;
Desolate is the garden once so bright,
For at its end is found a yawning tomb;
Death is its keeper.
Yet the clouds scatter, and a Star appears,
A brilliant light it sheds upon the grave;
Disclosing an entrance into heavenly spheres;
And *One* upon a Throne with power to save,
Each dreamless sleeper.
Such is Life's Night.
But ah! when this has passed away,
We dwell in realms of light.

A SCENE IN ARKANSAS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT

Some years ago, when horse thieves, negro stealers, gamblers, *id est omne genus*, were much more common in the Arkansas country than they are to-day, a party of six or eight borderers were one cool evening in November collected around the bar-room fire of the Jefferson House, in a place well known, but which it suits our purpose not to name. They were rather a rough-looking set of fellows, take them all in all; and at the moment we introduce them, were attentively listening to the wonderful exploits of one Kelser, who was known in those parts as the leader of a gang of bullying scoundrels—though the persons to whom he was talking, being comparative strangers, permitted him the rare enjoyment of telling his story, spreading his fame, and making himself a hero in a new quarter.

Winding up the detail of his sixth bloody duel and rencounter with an oath, he added, by way of a climax:

"I'm one of them as is never afeard of anything—white, black, or red—and all I want is, (displaying the hilt of his bowie knife,) for anybody to show me the fellow as says I is."

As he spoke, he straightened himself up, bent his round, bullet-head forward, and brought his face, with its pug nose, thin, sneering lips, and small, black, somewhat bloodshot eyes, to bear upon each of those present, and with a defiant expression, which seemed to say as plainly as words:

"Who dares contradict me?"

No one made any answer; and each eye, if it did not quail, at least fell before the contemptuous glance of the braggadocio.

"Yes," he repeated, with another oath, "I'm one of them as is never afeard of anything, as I said afore, and to prove it, I'll tell ye of my fight with Dexter—Rash Dexter, as we used to call him."

And then, with the air of one perfectly satisfied that he was a hero, which no man dared dispute, he was proceeding with his story, when a tall, slender individual, in the dress of a northern traveler, somewhat dusty, and with a pair of saddle-bags thrown across his arm, quietly entered the inn.

Approaching the bar—whither the landlord, who was one of the party at the fire, immediately repaired—the stranger mildly inquired if he could be entertained for the night.

"Certainly, sir," returned Boniface, with a cheerful air. "A horse, I reckon, sir?"

The traveler nodded; and while he proceeded to divest himself of his overcoat, and deposit his traveling equipments with the host, the latter called to a black servant, and ordered him to attend to the gentleman's beast.

"Supper, sir?" pursued the landlord, with an eye to business.

Again the traveler nodded; and perceiving the fire was surrounded by the party already mentioned, and evidently not wishing to intrude himself among strangers, he quietly took his seat by a table near the wall.

Meantime he had not escaped notice—as no new-comer in such a place does; but while most of the company scanned him somewhat furtively, Kelser, the egotistical hero of his own bloody exploits, angered by the interruption, stopped his narration, and regarded him with a savage scowl.

"Another —— Yankee—I'll bet high on't!" he said, in a sneering, grating tone, intended to disconcert, irritate, and insult the traveler.

The latter, however, seemed to take no notice of the remark; but turning to the table, upon which there chanced to be lying an old paper, he picked it up, as it were, mechanically, and soon appeared to be deeply absorbed in its contents.

This quiet, inoffensive proceeding served to irritate the ruffian still more; but contenting himself for the time by muttering something about all Yankees being cowards, he turned to the others, and proceeded with his story—speaking somewhat louder than usual—especially when he came to the bloody details of his narrative—as if to arrest the attention of the stranger, and impress him unfavorably.

Finding the latter was not in the least disturbed, however, Kelser closed with a tremendous oath; and then, turning to the landlord, who had once more joined the party, he inquired, in a loud tone, if he thought there were any "cussed thieves amongst 'em from abroad?"

"Hush!" returned the host, in a low, cautious tone; "don't go for to make a muss here, I beg of you—for such things ruin a man's house!"

"Do you want to take up on that fellow's side?" sneered the bully, fixing his black, snaky eyes upon the host, with an expression that made the latter quail.

"Oh, no, Kelser—I don't want to take anything up; and so I beg you won't say nothing to him. Come! let's take a drink all round, and call it quits."

"In course we'll take a drink," returned the other, with a coarse laugh; "and as it's to be all round, why, we'll have it all round."

Saying this, and rising as he spoke, he walked over to the inoffensive traveler, with a swaggering air, and, slapping him somewhat heavily on the shoulder, said, roughly:

"How d'ye do, stranger?"

The man looked up with something like a start, and displayed features in striking contrast with those of his interrogator. He seemed about five-and-twenty years of age—had a smooth, broad, high forehead—a rather Grecian, slightly effeminate, and almost beardless face—and mild, soft, pleasant blue eyes—the general expression of the whole countenance denoting one of a naturally timid, retiring, and unobtrusive disposition. Fixing his eyes upon the bully—rather with the air of one who did not exactly comprehend the cause of being so rudely disturbed, than with anything like anger or resentment at the harsh, unceremonious interruption—he seemed to wait for the latter to volunteer some explanation of his uncivil proceeding.

"I said, how d'ye do, stranger?" repeated Kelser; "but you don't seem to understand the civil thing."

At this the crowd, in expectation of a quarrel, at once started up, and silently gathered around the bully and the traveler. This seemed to startle the latter a little, and glancing quickly from one to the other, he replied:

"I am very well, if that is what you wish to know; but really I do not comprehend why you should be so solicitous about my health."

"There's a great many things that you —— Yankees don't comprehend!" rejoined Kelser, with a chuckling laugh.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" inquired the traveler, turning a little pale—his mild, blue eye beginning to gleam with a strange, peculiar light—at the same time rising and glancing from one to the other, till his gaze rested upon the troubled visage of his host. "What have I done that any one here should seek to insult me? Do you permit this, sir?" he added, addressing the innkeeper.

"He can't help himself," interposed the bully. "If there's anybody as wants to insult you, it's me; and Bill Kelser always does what he likes—anywhere, and with anybody!"

"And why do *you* seek to quarrel with a man that never saw or exchanged a word with you before?" quietly asked the stranger, his lips slightly quivering, either with fear or suppressed anger—a soft glow diffusing itself over his whole face—and the pupils of his eyes seeming to expand, and grow dark, and gleam even more strangely than before.

"Because I hate all you cussed Yankees; and whenever I see one of your tribe, I always feel like cutting his heart out! for I'm one of those as never knowed what it was to fear eyther man or devil!"

"Come!" interposed the landlord, taking the bully by the arm—"we was going to take a drink, you know!"

"Yes, I'm in for that too!" said Kelser—"always good at eyther a drink or a fight, I am. You hear, stranger?" he continued, taking hold of the latter's arm somewhat roughly. "You hear, don't you? We're going to take a drink with the landlord; and if you can prove you're a decent white man, we'll *honor* you by taking another with you afterwards."

"I shall have no objection to treat, if the gentlemen here think I ought to do so," returned the traveler, drawing himself up with dignified firmness, and speaking in a more positive manner than he had yet done; "but as for drinking myself, that is something I never do."

Nothing at that moment could have pleased the bully better than to hear the stranger refuse to drink; for he had long since resolved upon a quarrel with him; first, from natural malice; secondly, because he believed him one to be easily disposed of; and thirdly, because he might thus make a grand display of his fighting qualities, with little or no risk to himself—a very important consideration, when we bear in mind that all such characters are arrant cowards at heart.

"So you don't drink, eh?" he said to the stranger. "D'ye hear that, gentlemen?" appealing to the crowd. "Now everybody round here has to drink or fight! And so (walking up to the traveler) you've got to do one or t'other—which shall it be?"

"I do not wish to do either," was the reply; "but drink I will not!"

"Then fight you shall!" cried the other, closing the sentence with a wicked oath, and at the same time laying his hand upon the hilt of his bowie knife, and partly drawing it from its sheath.

"Do you intend to murder me? or give me a chance for my life?" inquired the stranger, with a coolness that astonished those who, looking upon his fine, delicate features, and slender figure, expected to see him shrink back in alarm and dismay.

"Give you a chance, in course!" returned the bully, in a less confident tone—for he too had expected to see the other succumb at once.

"Do you challenge me to a fair combat?" inquired the other.

"In course I does," blustered Kelser; "we don't do nothing else, in this country, but the fair thing."

The affair now began to look serious.

"Gentlemen," said the traveler, with a polite bow to the company in general, "you know how quietly I came in here, and how inoffensively I conducted myself afterwards; and you have seen how this man has ventured beyond all rules of good breeding, and stepped out of his way to insult and fix a quarrel upon me. Now, then, as I am a stranger here—though one who has always heard much of Southern chivalry—I wish to know how many of you will agree to stand by and see fair play?"

"All! all of us!" was the almost simultaneous response. "You shall have fair play, stranger!"

The bully turned slightly pale, and seemed more discomposed and uneasy.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for convincing me, by your offer, that you are governed by justice and honor!" pursued the traveler; and "now I will prove to you that this man is a cowardly braggadocio, or else one of us shall not quit this place alive! It is understood that I am challenged to a single fight, is it not?"

There was a general affirmative response.

"The challenged party, I believe, has the choice of weapons, time, and place?"

Another affirmative response—the bully looking still paler and more anxious.

"Well, then, gentlemen, not being handy with the bowie knife, and wishing an equal chance for life, I propose to leave the result to fate, and so test the courage of my opponent. Any man can stand up for a fight, if he knows he has the best of it—but only true courage can coolly face uncertainty—and my insulter boasts of fearing nothing. My proposition is this: Let two pistols be selected—one be loaded—and both be concealed under a cloth upon this table. Then my fighting friend and myself shall draw one by lot, point the drawn one at the heart of his foe, and pull the trigger—the unarmed one standing firm, and receiving the charge or not as Heaven shall will! Is not this fair?"

"Perfectly fair!" coincided all except Kelser, who demurred, and swore that nobody but a Yankee would ever have thought of such a heathenish way of doing business.

"Did I not tell you he was a coward—this fellow—who a few minutes ago feared neither man nor devil?" sneered the stranger, thus drawing a laugh from the company, who now seemed to be all on his side.

The landlord now objected to the affair taking place in his house—but on one of the company taking him aside, and whispering in his ear, he made no further opposition.

Accordingly, Kelser reluctantly consenting, one was chosen to prepare the pistols, which were immediately produced; and in less than ten minutes they were placed under a cloth upon the table.

"I waive all right to the first choice," said the stranger, as he and Kelser were brought face to face in their proper positions.

The bully, who was really very much alarmed—and who showed it in his pale face, trembling limbs, and quivering muscles—at once seemed to brighten at this concession; and thrusting his hand under the cloth, he drew forth one of the weapons, presented it at the breast of the other, and pulled the trigger.

It did not fire; but the stranger, who knew not that it was unloaded, neither blanched nor changed expression. The crowd applauded, and the bully grew ghastly pale.

"It is my turn now!" said the traveler, in a quiet, determined tone, fixing his blue eye steadily upon the cowering form of Kelser.

This was more than the latter could stand.

"No, I'll be —— if it is!" he shouted; and instantly drawing the other pistol, he presented it, and pulled the trigger also.

But with a like result—for neither pistol was loaded—the company having secretly resolved to test the courage of both without bloodshed.

Throwing down the pistol with a bitter curse, amid a universal cry of "Shame! shame!" Kelser whipped out his knife, and made a rush for his antagonist. But the latter, gliding quickly around the table, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed:

"Three times at my life—and now once at yours!"

And with these ominous words he raised his arm quickly; the next instant there was a flash, a crack, and the bully fell heavily forward, shot through the brain.

The verdict of the jury who sat upon the case, was justifiable homicide—and the blue-eyed stranger resumed his journey as if nothing had happened.

Would you know who he is? If we named him, we should name one who now holds a high official position; and for many reasons we prefer he should be known only by those who are already cognizant of the incident we have recorded.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* LEDGER, *from June 7th, 1856, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy.*

F. J. S. K. says he has repeatedly heard butchers and cooks say that the meat of animals killed while the moon is passing from new to full swells in cooking, and that the meat of animals killed while the moon is passing from full to the last quarter, shrinks in cooking; and that many farmers are so firm in their belief of this legend that they will never kill any animals for food except during the time of the moon's increase. Our correspondent, not knowing whether this theory of the swelling and shrinking of meat in the pot or pan is correct, wants us "to give him the real truth about it." We never tested this matter by experiment, and consequently have no positive knowledge on the subject. We have often heard it asserted that meat would swell and shrink as above stated, but we have never met with any one who positively knew from actual experiment that it would do so.

E. H. E.—You should strive in every reasonable manner to conciliate your parents and win their consent to your marriage with the girl of your choice; but if, after you have exhausted all your conciliatory resources, they remain inexorable, although their displeasure will be unpleasant, it will not be unendurable; and a clear conscience and a loving and beloved wife will enable you to bear up against it. By continuing to treat them respectfully and lovingly after your marriage, your parents will probably, after a time, discover their error, and domestic harmony will be restored.

ALBION.—It is impossible to predict the future course of historical events for two thousand years, or even to approximate the truth. By that time the nations which are now the most powerful may become insignificant or even extinct, while others now unknown may be the rulers of the world. Two thousand years ago Rome was the mistress of the world, and Great Britain was her Botany Bay; now Rome has fallen so low there is none so poor as to do her political reverence, while Britain has risen to a degree of wealth and power unknown to the proudest of the ancient empires.

QUERIST.—One-half of one per cent., and one-half per cent., mean the same thing. Of course one-half per cent. does not mean fifty per cent.; it is a hundred times less than fifty per cent. One-half per cent. per annum on a hundred dollars would be fifty cents, while fifty per cent. on a hundred dollars for the same time would be fifty dollars.

ROSALIND.—If you cannot tell which of your admirers you love the best, it is pretty certain that you do not love any of them. Love is never in doubt as to its object. Many girls foolishly suppose, when they are pleased with the attentions and flattery of young men, that they are in love; whereas, in truth, they know no more about that divine passion than a goose knows of the solar system. It is a great pity that so many girls act thus foolishly, for, really, they are interesting creatures after all, and men will always pay them more or less admiration.

FANNIE FRANTIC is desperately in love with a young gentleman who is about to wed one of her acquaintances. She cannot bear to think of his becoming the husband of another, and she wants us to "tell her how to prevent the union of those two loving hearts." We are sure we do not know how to prevent their union, and if we did, we should not become a party to such a disgraceful scheme.

MARK RAYNOR.—You have come to a sensible conclusion in deciding to postpone your marriage until you can get steady employment, and have something laid up ahead.

BREAK WATER.—Napoleon the Great was born in 1769, married Josephine in 1796, and died in 1821. He was therefore only fifty-two years of age at his death.

SPERM, New Bedford.—We are glad to learn that you and your brother sailors enjoy the LEDGER so much. You are right as to the matter touched upon in your letter.

AN APPRENTICE wishes to know if, on the death of his master, to whom *only* he was bound, that master's partner could exercise authority over him, and compel him to serve out his apprenticeship under him (the partner). No; not unless you give your consent thereto.

APPRENTICE BOY, Philadelphia.—You are unfortunate in having a master of such lax morals, but you must not let his false doctrines and evil examples corrupt you, and lead you astray from the path in which your mother taught you to tread. You should resist all his invitations to Sabbath-breaking, under whatever specious pretences they are given. There is but one right way in which to keep the Sabbath, and that is to "keep it holy." Hunting, fishing, and other summer excursions, or sleigh-riding and other winter pleasurings, commenced on Saturday afternoon and prolonged into the Sabbath, are improper and demoralizing. Your master's plea that he and his companions "could not get back before Sunday forenoon" is of no avail. They should not go so far, then; or, having gone so far they could not return without violating the sanctity of the Sabbath, they should remain over until Monday morning. You have done wisely in thus far keeping aloof from all such excursions, and also from haunts of idleness and dissipation, and we hope you will continue to act with similar probity and discretion. The jeers of your fellow-workmen are harmless exhibitions of ignorance and ill-breeding, and can do no harm to anybody except those who indulge in them.

E. G. M.—The "Half-Moon" was the name of Henry Hudson's ship in which he first came to America. It was fitted out for him by the Dutch East India Company, for the purpose of finding a passage to India around the north of Europe. Failing in this, and being a very proud man, Hudson sailed to America and made important discoveries and explorations here. On his second voyage to the New World, Hudson tried to find a north-west passage to Asia. He discovered and explored the great bay which bears his name, and on which he lost his life. His sailors wishing to return home, and he being determined to persevere in his attempt to find the north-west passage, they bound him and his son with strong ropes, and putting them in a little boat with seven sick companions, sailed away and left them to their fate. The great sailor was never heard of more.

L. H. W.—You are probably jealous. Your husband may only be joking when he speaks of other girls. At any rate, you had better think so, and go right along as though you knew it to be so. Do not argue with him about such matters, but laugh and talk jovially with him about them, as though you believed him to be above indulging in any improper feelings on the subject. By pursuing such a course, he will not be driven from home, and will not have occasion to berate you for jealousy.

HOUSEKEEPER.—You must simply do the best you can with your servant-girls. It is not at all probable that you will ever find one who will never get out of temper, or who will do everything just right and just at the right time. Such pieces of human perfection are as yet exceedingly rare on this earth. Intelligent, refined and high-bred people often get vexed and frequently make sad blunders; why, then, should those who are neither intelligent, refined nor high-bred be so severely censured for doing the same?

JUGGERNAUT.—Most of the horrid rites and customs of the Hindostanees have been suppressed by the English, or voluntarily abandoned by the natives, wherever British rule has been extended in India. The "Suttee," or burning of a widow upon her husband's funeral pyre, the immolation of victims beneath the crushing wheels of Juggernaut, and similar monstrosities of pagan superstition, have been suppressed.

J. G.—Cornwallis surrendered his army to Washington on the 19th of October, 1781. It is not at all likely that Washington could have become the king of this country and founded a monarchy. There is too much land, and intelligence, and independence here for any one to do such a thing. It is certain that Washington never entertained any such idea.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We think you are right in objecting to your wife's going to "spiritualist meetings and balls with other men." No woman of proper delicacy would make a habit of doing such things. And the doctrines professed by the majority of the spiritualists are such as to render them improper companions for ladies of respectability.

C. A. B.—Mormonism originated in the western part of this State, where Joe Smith, the founder, made some of his first proselytes. He began among the country people, and got a few rich farmers to accept his "mission," sell their farms, and give him the proceeds wherewith to get the new doctrines going.

FAR AWAY.—Of course you should not marry a man whom you do not love. Remain true to the absent one, if you believe he loves you. At all events, delay in such a case is safer than speedy action. While you remain free you have at least a *chance* for happiness; but the moment you marry an unloved man your misery is certain.

JONATHAN.—Such tirades as you have sent us against the British Government are utterly senseless. The British people (including the inhabitants of England, Ireland and Scotland) are among the best on earth, and are very closely related to us Americans.

LEDGER READER.—The American postage on transient papers to Canada is one cent each; and the Canada postage is one cent also. The American postage on papers for Canada that are mailed regularly from the office of publication is half a cent each, or twenty-six cents a year for weekly papers.

H., Woonsockett.—Of course you should obey your mother. She is right in saying that a boy of seventeen is too young to go courting. Before you are twenty-one years old you will not care a fig for the girl you think you are now so desperately in love with.

ROSENDALE.—Such an inconstant person as your letter shows you to be had better not be in haste to engage himself again to any young lady. You are so changeful that you can probably remain true to one girl only until you see another.

JAMES, Harrisburg.—You did right in rebuking the vulgar ruffian for his insults to the young lady. He should have been soundly punished.

ERNEST.—We should be glad to oblige you, but it is an inflexible rule with us not to give the information about our writers which you desire.

RACHEL HOFFMAN.—Every wife must be her own judge as to whether or not she would be justified in quitting the house of a drunken husband, taking her children with her.

NOTA BENE.—A fondness for promoting litigation and for tale-bearing indicates a contemptible nature. You would do well to drop the acquaintance.

ANTIOCH.—You should consult a physician upon matters appertaining to your health.

OLIVER.—You should apply for your information to some establishment where daguerreotype apparatus is sold.

L. H. S., Loogootee, Ind.—The back numbers of the LEDGER for the year 1857 will cost you two dollars and eight cents.

A DISTRESSED WIFE is anxious for advice in the following emergency:—Having been urged thereto by her friends—and in fact having been forced by her parents, through an overwhelming combination of circumstances—into the union, she married a wealthy man much older than herself, although she loved a poor young man who was devotedly attached to her. Her husband she has found to be utterly devoid of moral principle, and a debauchee of the worst of the genteel kind, who now cares nothing for his wife or his home. She is heartbroken and utterly miserable, and when she goes to her parents for consolation they ridicule her, call her a sentimental goose, and tell her to make the most of her husband's fortune. The only person who seems to understand her, and the only one who sympathizes with her, is her old lover, and she wants to know "if there would be any harm in meeting him occasionally, unknown to her husband, who hates him, and enjoying the solace of his genuine friendship and delicate, heartfelt sympathy." Yes; there would be much harm in so doing. There is but One to whom you can turn for consolation in such an emergency. And setting the propriety of the thing entirely aside, it would be very *injudicious* for you thus to meet your old lover. The moment the element of clandestinity enters into the domestic relations of any man or woman, that moment he or she becomes involved in an inextricable labyrinth of duplicity and falsehood which must end in shame and misery.

NORWALK (Conn.) says that an old lady of that vicinity maintains that many years ago, about the time Washington was first elected President, she saw the tail of a comet strike the earth within a few rods of her parents' residence, about three miles from Norwalk, and that "the blow made a noise like a cannon and made the earth tremble." This story she has told so many times, that many young people believe it, and are constantly afraid that some other comet may take a notion to strike the earth in their day, in which case they are afraid they might be hit, as the old lady says "there is no telling where the pesky things will strike." We can assure these frightened young people that the old lady's memory is entirely at fault, and that they need apprehend no evil consequences from comets. They are not made of striking material, any more than a fog is, and it is maintained by distinguished astronomers, that the earth might pass entirely through one's tail without occasioning the slightest ill to anybody or anything.

JACK WALLACE, who says he is not posted up in matters of etiquette and in visiting the ladies, wants to know, in case he should call upon a young lady in accordance with her invitation, and find another young man there, if he should at once retire, or inquire of the lady if his (Jack's) company alone for the evening would be preferable to that of the other visitor? Jack should do neither. He should simply make himself as agreeable as possible for a reasonable time, and then retire. If the other young man were well-bred, he would withdraw first, as he called first. Honest old "Jack Wallace," whose name you assume, or "Bion," would have known how to manage such an affair by instinct.

BROOKLYN TEACHER.—Your "association" are mistaken by many years. The first ship built within the limits of the United States, was the UNREST, which was built on the lower end of Manhattan (now New York) Island, in the winter of 1613-4, by a Dutch navigator, named Adrian Block, and his crew, the vessel in which they came across the Atlantic having been accidentally burned late in the fall of 1613. The Connecticut river was called by the Indians Quon-ch-ta-cut, which in their language means The Long River.

ALTOONA puts the following case: Suppose a man is traveling, on a steamboat, with his wife and mother, and an accident occurs which exposes the passengers to destruction; that the traveler sees a way of escape with *one* of his companions only, and *must* leave either his wife or his mother to certain death, which of them should he thus leave to perish? This question is one upon which we should like to hear from wives and mothers who read the LEDGER.

BUFFALONIAN recently asked a young lady to accompany him to a ball; she consented; on the appointed evening Buffalonian, "arrayed in all his proud attire," called for the young lady, when to his indignation he learned that she had gone to the ball with an old beau of hers. Buffalonian wants to know what he had better do. He had better do nothing, except to leave the "young lady" significantly alone for the future.

ATHENS.—You did very wrong in showing the love-letters to your friends, and permitting them to read them. Their "solemn promises of secresy" do not relieve you at all. You have shown yourself to be a dishonorable person, and must bear the just odium which has followed your exposure. We know of no way to "aid you in turning the tables upon the other party," and should not assist you if we did know how it could be done.

O. P. Q., Canton, Mass.—We shall not pay you a liberal sum, or any other sum, for your "story composed of unfurnished materials." If your letter is a fair specimen of your literary ability, we beg to inform you that you cannot write a grammatical sentence, and that your spelling is abominable. In such words as opportunity, irresistable, sacrafice, etc., etc., you should mind your *i*.

"NINETEEN YEARS."—This correspondent, having had a nephew named after him, wants to make the little fellow an appropriate present, but "doesn't know how." A silver cup, with the namesake's name engraved thereon in full, is the present usually made in such cases. If the giver wishes to make a sensation, he can give a gold cup instead of a silver one.

LIZZIE.—You should of course study grammar, geography, and the other so-called "common branches" thoroughly. Algebra, chemistry, philosophy, etc., will do you no harm however, but, on the contrary, they will do you much good, if you study them understandingly. A girl cannot be too well educated, any more than a boy.

O.—A lady who is engaged to be married, of course should not permit the attentions of any man but her lover. As for a man's attempting to break up a match because he thinks the lover is an unprincipled person, *that* is rather a delicate matter, as he might make a very great mistake, and get himself into inextricable difficulty.

GODFREY.—To send your son through a first-class college would cost at least $800, and as much more as you should choose to let him expend. At some colleges the expenses would be somewhat less than $800 for the four years' course. He had better not enter upon his collegiate course before the age of seventeen years.

FORT LARAMIE.—It will do no good for you and your brother officers, with all your sweethearts and wives, to argue upon the "æsthetics and abstract essence of love." You can never get at the bottom or the top of the question. Love must be *felt* to be understood, the same as the tooth-ache.

JOSHUA.—You are laboring under a confusion of terms. "Reprieve" does not mean "pardon," and a "reprieved" prisoner has only had the execution of his sentence suspended for a time. In England "reprieve" is sometimes used when the sentence of a prisoner is altogether reversed, and "respite" when the sentence is only deferred.

A. H. TARDY.—Your pretty gift is received. It is admirably done. Please accept our thanks for it. We have no doubt that Mr. Cobb would highly appreciate the token of friendly admiration to which you refer. You can address him, care of the editor of the LEDGER.

PUMPKIN HARBOR.—The girl probably knows she can "twirl you round her finger," and so flirts with others for the purpose of enjoying the agony such conduct occasions you. A flirt is one of the cruelest creatures known, and can only be conquered by perfect indifference.

SCHUYLKILL.—A non-resident, owning land in this State, would probably pay a judgment against him here sooner than have such land sold at a sacrifice. He could claim no exemption, and his property would be liable on any judgment docketed in the county in which it should lie.

IDA.—The LEDGER is mailed with the utmost regularity to all our subscribers. Your conduct towards young gentlemen, and the degree of familiarity and cordiality with which you treat them, must be regulated by delicacy, common sense, and the circumstances of each case.

H. R. G.—You are very much mistaken. Society rests on two main pillars, one of which is honesty and the other chastity; and whoever violates either of these aims a blow at the stability of society itself.

B. D. P.—No. The wedding-ring was not at first of gold, but of iron adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and perpetuity of the contract.

M. C. & J. R.—Any pretty little ornament—a pair of sleeve-buttons, a set of shirt studs, a handsome neckcloth, a gold or silver tooth-pick, or almost anything of the kind, would answer for a philopœna present to a gentleman.

IXIE.—When a young man has written several letters to a young lady, and has not received a reply to any of them, we "think he should understand" that she does not care to correspond with him.

TAMWORTH, N. H.—You should change your boarding-house, and avoid the young lady. The parents could not make out a case of breach of promise, if the facts are as you state them to be.

WILLIAM H. M.—In this State the pardoning power is vested in the Governor alone. In New Jersey it is vested in a council, of which the Governor is the president or chief.

J. P.—The members of the New York Police are not yet permitted to carry pistols, but it is to be hoped that the night patrols will soon be permitted to do so.

C. T. C.—A copyright for a play, or any other literary production, costs one dollar. You must go for it to the clerk of a United States District Court.

NERVOUS.—Your case is an alarming one, and you should at once consult a skillful physician.

C. A., Alton, Illinois.—You are nothing like so shrewd as you imagine yourself to be.

A. B.—You should of course stick to your engagement.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*